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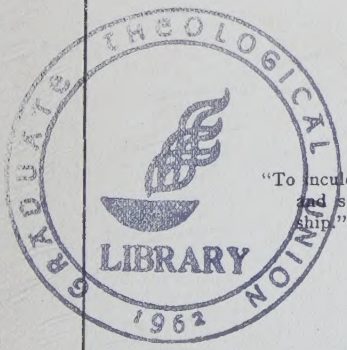

"To inculcate a higher appreciation of the value and sacred obligations of American citizenship."—*Articles of Association.*

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MORNING EXERCISES

THE AUDITORIUM, HALF AFTER 10 O'CLOCK

DR. WILLIAM R. HARPER, PRESIDING

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

THE LORD'S PRAYER
REV. THOMAS E. SHERMAN

"COLUMBIA THE GEM OF THE OCEAN"

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS
DR. WILLIAM R. HARPER

SELECTION, "PRAISE YE THE FATHER"
GOUNOD

ADDRESS
MISS JANE ADDAMS

"STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

ADDRESS
REV. THOMAS E. SHERMAN

SELECTION, "THE CLANG OF THE IRON FORGE"

ADDRESS
DR. GEORGE E. VINCENT

"AMERICA"

ORGAN POSTLUDE

MR. CLARENCE DICKINSON, ORGANIST
MR. H. W. FAIRBANK, MUSICAL DIRECTOR

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Morning Exercises

The morning meeting at the Auditorium was opened at 10:40 by Dr. William R. Harper, who requested the audience to rise while Father Sherman delivered the Lord's prayer. After the invocation, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," was sung by the audience, led by the High School choir of 300 voices, which occupied the platform, under the direction of Professor H. W. Fairbank.

Doctor Harper said:

To this magnificent assembly of young men and of young women, upon whom will soon rest the responsibility of our country's welfare, I bring this morning the cordial greetings of the Union League Club of Chicago. The only article in the creed of that club is loyalty to country, loyalty to government; and the highest purpose in the thought of the young manhood and womanhood of this country should be, I am sure all agree, loyalty to country and loyalty to government.

In midwinter, on Washington's Birthday, as in midsummer on Independence Day, we turn aside from our regular duties and devote a portion of time to the consideration of those topics which concern the interests of patriotic feelings. And it is for that purpose that we have assembled this morning to listen to words from men and women who are known to us, and at whose feet we are glad to sit. The first number on the program will be the selection, "Praise Ye the Father," by the chorus.

The selection was then rendered, the audience joining, after which Miss Jane Addams, the next speaker, was thus introduced:

"It is our great privilege this morning to hear first from a woman whom every young man and woman, and every older man and woman in this city delights to honor, Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House."

Address of Miss Jane Addams

We meet together upon these birthdays of our great men, not only to review their lives, but to revive and cherish our own patriotism. This matter is a difficult task. In the first place, we are prone to think that by merely reciting these great deeds we get a reflected glory, and that the future is secure to us because the past has been so fine.

In the second place, we are apt to think that we inherit the fine qualities of those great men, simply because we have had a common descent and are living in the same territory.

As for the latter, we know full well that the patriotism of common descent is the mere patriotism of the clan—the early patriotism of the tribe. We know that the possession of a like territory is merely an advance upon that, and that both of them are unworthy to be the patriotism of a great cosmopolitan nation whose patriotism must be large enough to obliterate racial distinction and to forget that there are such things as surveyor's lines. Then when we come to the study of great men it is easy to think only of their great deeds, and not to think enough of their spirit. What is a great man who has made his mark upon history? Every time, if we think far enough, he is a man who has looked through the confusion of the moment and has seen the moral issue involved; he is a man who has refused to have his sense of justice distorted; he has listened to his conscience until conscience becomes a trumpet call to like-minded men, so that they gather about him and together, with mutual purpose and mutual aid, they make a new period in history.

Let us assume for a moment that if we are going to make this day of advantage to us, we will have to take this definition of a great man. We will have to appeal to the present as well as to the past. We will have to rouse our national conscience as well as our national pride, and we will all have to remember that it lies with the young people of this nation whether or not

it is going to go on to a finish in any wise worthy of its beginning.

If we go back to George Washington, and ask what he would be doing were he bearing our burdens now, and facing our problems at this moment, we would, of course, have to study his life bit by bit; his life as a soldier, as a statesman, and as a simple Virginia planter.

First, as a soldier. What is it that we admire about the soldier? It certainly is not that he goes into battle; what we admire about the soldier is that he has the power of losing his own life for the life of a larger cause; that he holds his personal suffering of no account; that he flings down in the gage of battle his all, and says, "I will stand or fall with this cause." That, it seems to me, is the glorious thing we most admire, and if we are going to preserve that same spirit of the soldier, we will have to found a similar spirit in the civil life of the people, the same pride in civil warfare, the spirit of courage, and the spirit of self-surrender which lies back of this.

If we look out upon our national perspective, do we not see certainly one great menace which calls for patriotism? We see all around us a spirit of materialism—an undue emphasis put upon material possessions; an inordinate desire to win wealth; an inordinate fear of losing wealth; an inordinate desire to please those who are the possessors of wealth. Now, let us say, if we feel that this is a menace, that with all our power, with all the spirit of a soldier, we will arouse high-minded youth of this country against this spirit of materialism. We will say to-day that we will not count the opening of markets the one great field which our nation is concerned in, but that when our flag flies anywhere it shall fly for righteousness as well as for increased commercial prosperity; that we will see to it that no sin of commercial robbery shall be committed where it floats; that we shall see to it that nothing in our commercial history will not bear the most careful scrutiny and investigation; that we will restore commercial life, however complicated, to such honor and simple honesty as George Washington expressed in his business dealings.

Let us take, for a moment, George Washington as a

statesman. What was it he did, during those days when they were framing a constitution, when they were meeting together night after night, and trying to adjust the rights and privileges of every class in the community? What was it that sustained him during all those days, all those weeks, during all those months and years? It was the belief that they were founding a nation on the axiom that all men are created free and equal. What would George Washington say if he found that among us there were causes constantly operating against that equality? If he knew that any child which is thrust prematurely into industry has no chance in life with children who are preserved from that pain and sorrow; if he knew that every insanitary street, and every insanitary house, cripples a man so that he has no health and no vigor with which to carry on his life labor; if he knew that all about us are forces making against skill, making against the best manhood and womanhood, what would he say? He would say that if the spirit of equality means anything, it means like opportunity, and if we once lose like opportunity we lose the only chance we have towards equality throughout the nation.

Let us take George Washington as a citizen. What did he do when he retired from office, because he was afraid holding office any longer might bring a wrong to himself and harm to his beloved nation? We say that he went back to his plantation on the Potomac. What were his thoughts during the all too short days that he lived there? He thought of many possibilities, but, looking out over his country, did he fear that there should rise up as a crowd men who held office, not for their country's good, but for their own good?. Would he not have forboded evil if he had known that among us were groups and hordes of professional politicians, who, without any blinking or without any pretense that they did otherwise, apportioned the spoils of office, and considered an independent man as a mere intruder, as a mere outsider; if he had seen that the original meaning of office-holding and the function of government had become indifferent to us, that we were not using our foresight and our conscience in order to find out this great wrong which was sapping the foundations of self-government? He would tell

us that anything which makes for better civic service, which makes for a merit system, which makes for fitness for office, is the only thing, which will tell against this wrong, and that this course is the wisest patriotism. What did he write in his last correspondence? He wrote that he felt very unhappy on the subject of slavery, that there was, to his mind, a great menace in the holding of slaves. We know that he neither bought nor sold slaves himself, and that he freed his own slaves in his will. That was a century ago. A man who a century ago could do that, would he, do you think, be indifferent now to the great questions of social maladjustment which we feel all around us? His letters breathe a yearning for a better condition for the slaves as the letters of all great men among us breathe a yearning for the better condition of the unskilled and underpaid. A wise patriotism, which will take hold of these questions by careful legal enactment, by constant and vigorous enforcement, because of the belief that if the meanest man in the republic is deprived of his rights, then every man in the republic is deprived of his rights, is the only patriotism by which public-spirited men and women, with a thoroughly aroused conscience, can worthily serve this republic. Let us say again that the lessons of great men are lost unless they re-enforce upon our minds the highest demands which we make upon ourselves; that they are lost unless they drive our sluggish wills forward in the direction of their highest ideals.

The audience then joined in singing the "Star Spangled Banner," after which Doctor Harper introduced the next speaker, Rev. Thomas E. Sherman.

Address of Rev. Thomas E. Sherman

George Washington was a great general, a great statesman and a great man. He is a great general, who, from the day that he takes command of his army, inspires them with his spirit and makes them one with him, in action, in suffering and in endurance. From the day that George Washington took command of the little revolutionary army at Boston, until the last at Yorktown, the army was one with him. Its spirit became his spirit. Its soul was his soul; and they suffered, they endured, they watched and they waited in spirit with the endurance of a mighty chief. In that great struggle which he foresaw and which consolidated the nation which he made, the war for the union, a succession of generals went to the front, full of patriotism, of talent and of training, and one by one they were retired before the difficulties of their situation. But from the day that he began, with the beginning of an army, and with the beginning of that nation, through the whole of a war twice as long as the civil war, through all its campaigns and sieges, its victories and its worst defeats, those long years of waiting and of poverty and of humiliation and of accidents, through all those years that army—and that was the core and the heart of the revolutionary movement and of the beginning of the life of this nation—that army was sustained, that army was animated, that army was held together, it was made and remade, over and over again, in and by the spirit and the genius of that mighty and that one chief.

He is a great general who with a small force does what others cannot do with a great force. At the end of those two dark years, when we had been again and again defeated, before they had got his intrepid spirit, when we were driven across the Jerseys and Long Island, falling back before the advancing and victorious British, and when all

the generals said, "Alas! In spite of this great chieftain, all is lost!" then, in the dark morning, before the dawn, when other leaders failed and other divisions would not come to the front, this man, with one division, recrossed the Delaware. What cared he for ice or snow or winter? What care had he that ten times his number were against him? This man, with two thousand ragamuffins, illy paid, illy clad, starving men, rushed into the heart of the enemy and beat them back across the Jerseys, wresting victory from defeat, relifting our banner once again. Why? Because every man of the two thousand had his spirit and his courage, and felt that George Washington was with them, and victory was sure. This it is to be a great general. And a great general is one who, with all his force and all his vigor and all his spirit, is temperate in victory, as he is undisturbed by defeat, and never stops and never attends to aught that is below the level of the true laws of war. For war is not a fight for destruction; war is a fight to demand the right, and to bring about a splendid peace, and when we had against us the most cruel and relentless foe that the world has ever seen, that foe which was looking on us like a rebel to be crushed as a worm beneath its heel, resorting to every measure that cruel hate could devise, even employing the red Indians to scalp us and tear us to pieces, George Washington never stooped to any one deed that can call the blush of shame now to the cheek of the most civilized or cultivated American lady or gentleman. To keep that temperance in the midst of such a strife and revolution and rebellion, through all those long years of exasperation and of suffering, that was to be a great general.

And as he was a great general, so also was he a great statesman. The man who rules the state in days of piping peace, the man who stands at the helm as this splendid bark sails across the waves of passion in the midst of difficulties, to save it from the rapacity of thousands of office-seekers, the man, I say, who guides the ship of state in all this, we call great. But what of the man who has no deck beneath him? What of the man who has no ship of state? What of the man who stands on the stormy shore and must lay the keelson, and must set the ribs and plank in the deck and make the ship

of state? What did George Washington find back of him when he took command of that army and became the statesman general? Thirteen scattered colonies, not yet states at all, and a weak confederation, no United States. And during these long years of war it was he who gave courage to the states to first of all declare their independence, and then to achieve it. It was he who held together those discordant elements. It was he that by being, not a Virginian, and not a Massachusetts man, and not a New Yorker, and not a Pennsylvanian, but an American, set the pace and made the beginning, and laid the keelson, and fixed the ribs, and upbuilt this glorious ship of state. That is to be a statesman, to be a maker of a state, the creator of a state, and George Washington is the maker, the creator of the United States of America.

Think how it was when the war ended. You all remember, because you young people are fresh from your histories, how victory was far more dangerous to our cause than defeat. You all remember how that army, being the one real solid power on this continent, that army being now full of the fiery enthusiastic love of this great, victorious chieftain, that army said, "We must be one; we must be united; we must have one head of our cause." Think of what a temptation that would have been to an ordinary man, to any common statesman, to any man of a mere ordinary level of greatness. Think you that when this dazzling crown was placed above the head of George Washington that he flinched, that he faltered, that he hesitated, that he felt the temptation? No. There was his real greatness as a statesman. The prize which dazzled Cæsar, which ruined Napoleon, which undid Cromwell, which would undo any ordinary statesman, was not even a temptation to George Washington, because being the man that he was, the statesman that he was, he saw that he was upbuilding the union of this mighty nation, not on the army, but on the civil power of the thirteen states, and therefore he put it by with simply a scornful remark, went quietly to his old plantation, and there, in his letters to his officers and to his army, now in dispersion, he changed every one of those thousands of men into a missionary, a missionary for a great

cause, and in those five years of the really chaotic period of our history his apostles, his missionaries, were doing the real work of the union; they were making the sentiment which was his sentiment, the thought which was his thought, so that after the constitutional convention met, and after they had adjusted all their difficulties, his hopes were realized, but realized through law and order and subordination, not through personal ambition.

And think, too, my dear young friends, oh, think of what the nation then was and how hard it was to get together those states! They had only started to enjoy sovereignty, for England, then eager for our destruction as ever, had given independence to the thirteen separate states. The old Dominion felt what it was to be a queen of the western world; Massachusetts was proud of being a great commonwealth; New York foresaw that she was to be an empire. How was he to get together, then, these thirteen young sovereigns, and make them take off their crowns and lay them at the feet of this simple sovereignty which he dreamed of and yearned and longed to make? Do not you see that this took wondrous statesmanship? And this was the statesmanship of Washington when he sat there at the head of that constitutional convention for four long weary months, listening to those long speeches and debates, which said it was impossible to adjust our differences of rights, our differences of religion, the difference of size and wealth of the states; he sat there helping to that series of compromises which our country really is. For the statesman does not do what he sees in the abstract is the best, but what he can do with the material which he has, and George Washington, by wise patience and waiting and compromise and yielding, got the states into as strong a form of government as they could be made to submit to.

As he was a great general and a great statesman and became the first President of the United States of America, so was George Washington something far higher and far nobler than either of these. He was a great man. What is it that makes a man great? Read all the encomiums of Washington. Read all the descriptions of him with which the world has been filled, and in what do they all agree? That this simple Virginian

colonel, always and everywhere, day and night, with the private soldiers and with the chiefs of a nation, with friend and with foe, in success and in defeat, always and everywhere, and to all the world, impressed on every one that might meet him, every one that came in contact with him, his immense personal dignity, a dignity which never should be or could be debased to anything that was mean or low, or tricky or underhand, a dignity which found him always the equal of great occasions, so that circumstances did not make him, but he molded circumstances. A dignity such, that when he became commander-in-chief, it sat lightly on him; a dignity such, that when foreign emissaries came with their fleets and armies, they felt that this man was not only their equal, but the equal of the sovereigns who had sent them; a dignity such, that when he became the president of the United States of America, clothed in the simple black velvet dress of that day, he lent weight to that high station, a dignity such, that he by his personal worth communicated such strength to a revolutionary movement as to take away from us from the start that contempt and that horror which all the world has of revolution and of rebellion. Oh, think about this, and think about it every day of your lives, that it was George Washington, who, by his personal character, gave dignity to our war, dignity to our government, dignity to our nation throughout the world. And as he was a man of immense personal dignity, so was he a man of absolute intrepidity and inflexibility. You must remember that a revolutionary movement is a torrent, is a tornado; men are tossed hither and yon; they do not know where they stand, or whom to trust, and they are tearing each other to pieces every day, and this man throughout it all was so untroubled that never did he flinch, never did he falter, never did he lose his self-command, and never was he deceived, never did he fail to judge character, never was he slow in checking anything like insubordination or mutiny among his troops, or cabals among his officers, or dissensions of politicians; always intrepid, always inflexible, always absolutely strong for what he saw to be right, always going straight to his purpose. Think of what a glowing example he was! Distracted by expeditions to Canada, distracted by

attacks far down in the Carolinas, distracted by the invasion on the north, and distracted in a hundred ways, and egged on by Congress to this and that and the other, with the people all impoverished, he kept ever before his mind for that seven years this purpose. The Hudson is the line that must be the bond of the north and the south; the British shall not break through on the Hudson; and therefore for seven long years that stands out as if it were a bar of steel there in his mind. His one strong hand holds that line, and, holding that line, holds the states together and so makes the war a strategic success. This intrepidity and this steadfastness, my dear friends, have led people to think this man was cold, that he was over-cautious, that he was slow, that he was dull. Oh, that man cold who, when on Monmouth day the troops came back in riot, rushed into the midst of them, and led his men to victory wrested from defeat. Was that man cold? Was that man slow? Was that man dull?

Do you remember the time when an officer came to him whom he had sent to cross a river and get him some information? Washington said, "Have you got the news?" The officer replied, "The river is full of ice." He took an inkstand and hurled it at the man's head. "Get me a man," said he. The officer returned and crossed the ice, and went after the enemy, and came back with the information. He had made a man. This burst of passion was exceptional. It was by his splendid self-control, by having himself so well in hand that George Washington retained his power, that he is to-day the best known of Americans, because he had that splendid all around balanced character that makes a man great; prudence, justice, fortitude, temperance, all around control of the baser passions.

If you wish to see the real greatness of the man contrast him, for instance, with Napoleon.

Napoleon Bonaparte was great as a general. Ah, but how was he as a man? Great, in one sense as a statesman; but how as a man? Think how Napoleon Bonaparte brought order out of chaos only to put himself at the top; Washington brought order out of chaos to retire to the life of a simple farmer. Napoleon Bonaparte reconstructed France to leave

her a legacy of a dozen revolutions, and Washington out of the fragments of a country upbuilt a nation which exists to-day. Bonaparte did great things for the sake of his own aggrandizement, trying to make his own brothers and sisters kings and queens, and make himself and his own family the rulers of Europe, and George Washington laid down the sceptre just as easily and as pleasantly as if he cared nothing for power. The power he cared for was the power in the hearts of his countrymen. Bonaparte stands out before the world as a man poor and weak and small. Why? Because he was a slave to his passions, and the slave of his ambitions; and George Washington stands out as great and grand among the heroes of the world because he was a slave to nothing but the love of his country. And therefore it is that now, after a hundred years have passed, we meet in the spirit of that patriotism which is our common heritage from him, the Father of our Country; rejoicing in the greatness and the glory of the country which he gave us to hail him as a great general, first in war; a great statesman, first in peace; a great man, first in the hearts of his countrymen.

The choir then sang:

"The Clang of the Iron Forge."

Doctor Harper: I am sure you will all join with me in a word of appreciation to Mr. Fairbank and Mr. Dickinson and the members of the club for their contributions this morning.

The third message which comes to us this morning will be given to us by Dr. George E. Vincent, of Chautauqua and Chicago.

Address of Dr. George E. Vincent

When I was a small boy my heart always used to go out with gratitude to the minister who at the beginning of his sermon outlined the chief heads of his discourse. Later on these became cheering mile stones on a road which too often seemed to stretch long and hot and straight and dusty to the closing prayer. Let me follow his good example and prefix to what I have to say a brief table of contents.

We are gathered here this morning to arouse and to foster the spirit of patriotism. I want to discuss three fundamental conditions of patriotism; knowledge, wisdom and enthusiasm.

It is customary for us to regard knowledge as a very important thing, but not ordinarily to associate it with a great spirit of enthusiasm. We want to insist that the first thing for every young American is to have knowledge of the great fundamental facts of the history of his nation, and this knowledge should be of that sort which brings before his mind in vivid procession the great events, great men, great epochs of national life. We sometimes assume that the schools confer this, but we are not always justified in counting upon it. It was a young woman in a high school (not in Chicago, I am glad to say) who when asked what was the origin of domestic slavery in the United States, replied, "Domestic slavery began when, in 1619, a shipload of women landed in Virginia and became the wives of the planters." It is possible to have some control of the facts of history and yet not see in them their true significance.

Another point which I want to insist upon with regard to the knowledge which one should have of his country is this, that the knowledge should include not only those particular things which we associate with the famous men of America, but should include the great movements, the activities of the whole people, should comprehend those underlying

and fundamental facts, which, after all, are of the greatest significance to national life. War is always an attractive thing to young people. There is something spectacular about the general leading his army; and yet there is nothing that we need to learn more clearly in these days than the things Miss Addams has already insisted upon, that these striking events are not after all the most important; that they are not the fundamental things which make for national prosperity and national progress. A small boy was once asked to write the history of the world, or he undertook it on his own account. He began with Cain and Abel, and some one said, "Why didn't you begin with Adam and Eve?" He said, "Why, they didn't fight." I want to insist on another thing, and that is, no patriotic American in these days can afford not to know in a general way the history of the world and be familiar with the roles played by the great nations of to-day. To imagine that American history is a thing isolated from the great life of mankind is to take the narrow, the bigoted, the provincial view. A small boy was asked who was the first man, and he promptly replied, "George Washington." When he was reminded of Adam, he said, "Oh, if you count foreigners." Now, I am very much afraid that there has been a spirit of not counting foreigners. My young friends, if you are to be truly patriotic and ideal citizens of this great republic, you must not only have a vivid comprehension of the facts of our own history, but you must know something of other nations, respect the traditions for which they stand, and recognize them as great co-operative factors in the history of mankind.

But the mere control of facts is not enough. There must be power to evaluate those facts; there must be the ability in looking back over our national traditions to pick out the things which are significant, the things which are important, the things which are enduring, and to separate them from the things that are unessential. A small boy in this city not long ago was asked to compare two men, and he compared George Washington and his own father. He had the deadly parallel in this form: "George Washington was a tall man; my father is a short man. George

Washington could not ride a bicycle; my father can ride a bicycle. George Washington was a great man; my father is not a great man." It is probable he picked out one significant fact, but he was misled by two unessential particulars. So it is with our estimate of Washington. When you think of all the myths and traditions which have been associated with the life of Washington, all the absurd stories that have been associated with him, you can quite understand this reaction, this desire to bring Washington down to earth again. But let me point out that after all the "human" Washington is of no particular significance to us in respect to his frailties and foibles. It is in these great fundamental principles which Mr. Sherman has urged that Washington is distinguished. What if George Washington was a dandy, and if he did write letters to his tailor directing him to be particular about the buttons on his coat. These are interesting facts. We are glad to know that George Washington had some of these traits. But after all, the American lets his mind dwell on the great faith, on the noble justice and absolute fairness of the man. These are the things upon which the mind of the wise patriot dwells. More than that, as we look over our history, the wise patriot will understand that these vast movements in which we take so much pride, our industrial progress, our commercial expansion, all these tremendous economic developments, that this after all is significant only as that makes possible a higher national life. He will see that those things are a means to an end, and not an end in themselves. He is not a wise patriot who rejoices in material prosperity unless he rejoices in it because it makes possible a higher life for men and women.

And in the third place there must be enthusiasm. What is enthusiasm? It is not a mere sentimentality. A stranger visiting this country once attended a political convention where measures were being discussed with a great deal of excitement. He sat alongside a man who made a tremendous amount of noise, and finally the stranger asked this excitable individual what he thought of the matter being discussed, and this man paused long enough in his shouting to say, "Think? Think? I am not here to think; I am here to holler!"

Now, you know a great many men and women in this country imagine that patriotism consists not in reflection upon national problems, but in shouting, in following brass bands, in singing national anthems. All these things have their place, when they are an expression of true enthusiasm and true sentiment. But the young American who would be a patriot in these days, must have knowledge, must have wisdom. He must see things for himself. He must hold to his convictions, he must not be swept away by the mere shouting of the crowd. There are those who try to identify patriotism with a satisfaction in everything that is; who try to make American citizens believe that acquiescence in all that America is to-day, that this is patriotism. The wise young patriot of to-day will select his ideals, and will hold to these and will stand by them. What is it that arouses true enthusiasm? It is having clearly before the mind an ideal. Now, the sort of ideal that we Americans hold will determine the kind of sentiment which we feel. If we look back upon the past and are satisfied with it, and think that we are the most glorious and perfect nation that the world ever produced, that all the greatness is in the past, and all we have to do is to live on the virtues of our predecessors, then we shall sink into a sluggish self-complacency that will mean destruction to American progress. And if on the other hand, we are a pessimistic sort, who look back and think all the goodness is over and that now we are come on evil days and that nothing can be done about it, then we shall sink into despair. On the other hand, if we believe we are the greatest people in the world, and are going on to triumph after triumph, and though we cannot just see how, but in some vague and glorious fashion, we shall be swept on to the millenium without doing anything in particular, if we believe that, we shall have a mere vague sentimentality. Or, if our sentiment takes the form of mistaking hatred for other nations for love of our own, then we will develop into a pugnacious and arrogant people, who will be destroyed by our own pride. But if we make a reasonable valuation of our national traditions, if with an application of these ideals of the past to the problems of the present we build up for ourselves ideals of what America may be, and feel a

noble enthusiasm flooding our souls as we contemplate these ideals of the future, then, indeed, sentiment will serve its purpose.

These, then, are the conditions of patriotism, and you, as young people in the public schools of our city, having those ideals of youth, must remember that if you are to be true patriots you must study, and you should not only study, but you must ponder and value our traditions. You must build up ideals and hold these before you, while your hearts beat faster and you make firm resolve to do what you can to bring about a better state of affairs. Do not let your patriotism be of the vague and the general sort, which is revived only on occasions like this. Let your courage be steady. Do your best to translate into the ideals of the present the noble traditions of the past; do not wait until we are in war and need your services. Remember that to the City of Chicago you can be loyal; that each one of you can do something for the betterment of this community; that each one of you can discover some way in which to bring knowledge and wisdom and enthusiasm to bear. These are the ideals which we may well cherish. Let us ponder the past, form ideals for the future, and then with sentiment of the true sort, let us press on, each one in his own way, to the realizing of these dreams. Remember that after all, though grounded in wisdom, that sentiment is the unifying force in human society, for until men make love by logic, until they rear children from calculation, until policy spells patriotism, sentiment will bind men together and inspire them to noble efforts.

Dr. Harper: The exercises will be closed by the singing of the national anthem, led by the chorus. Let us all sing.

The audience then joined the choir in singing "America," after which the meeting adjourned.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES

THE AUDITORIUM, THREE O'CLOCK

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

"HAIL, COLUMBIA!"

INVOCATION

DR. FRANK CRANE

"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB

ORATION "WASHINGTON"

SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR

"AMERICA"

MR. HERBERT L. WATEROUS, PRECENTOR
MR. CLARENCE DICKINSON, ORGANIST

Afternoon Meeting

The afternoon meeting began with the audience singing "Hail Columbia," under the leadership of Herbert Lake Waterous. After a prelude, Mr. Edgar A. Bancroft, President of the Union League Club, introduced Dr. Frank Crane, who invoked the Divine blessing in the following words:

"Let us pray. Almighty God: we recognize Thee as the author of our nation, as its conservator, and as that great power which leads us on to a glorious destiny. We believe in Thee; we believe that our fathers rightly looked to Thee for guidance, and that we now reap a part of the reward of their faith. Give us likewise a sublime conviction of co-operation with Divine providence, that our children may enter into some similiar heritage. We thank Thee, Almighty God, for our fathers, and we pray Thee that we may imitate their virtues. We thank Thee for the glorious examples that have been set us by the great men in the annals of our country, and we beseech Thee that we may never lose that spirit and disposition that shall induce us to pay honor to their memory. We thank Thee that throughout the change of conditions, throughout the alteration of our material form of national life, and of social life, through all the fluctuation of opinion in politics and in every department of human thought and activity there have persisted still the same sentiments of conscience, of honor, of truth, and of all those things which go to make a people great. We thank Thee that there are yet among us men who stand for conscience first and last. Men, not only representative of the people, but men who look first at what is right and what the great God thinks before they look to what the people want. Men, whose eyes are fixed upon principles more than upon policy. We invoke Thy Divine blessing upon this gathering this afternoon, and upon all meetings where American citizens gather to do honor to their distinguished dead. Let the spirit of liberty, of truth, of fearlessness, of righteousness dominate to us now and at all times. We ask it through Jesus Christ. Amen."

President Bancroft's Introduction

Fellow Citizens: We are met for patriotic consecration. The day is thus set apart by national law, and, yet more, by our universal reverence for the character and public service of Washington. That he played a large part at a critical time, and won in war and in statecraft more for mankind than any other leader, is not the sum of his greatness; though that were enough. His superiority was so absolute that he needs not to be measured by his circumstance and time. With powers ample for the gravest needs, he ran the whole gamut of achievement. Yet, above his achievements was his personality. He had the human qualities that command admiration and affection; but there was also an heroic cast in his generous and unflinching devotion, his exalted ardor and wisdom in his country's service, that lifted him above the temptations that beset even great men in such crises. His very stature and bearing so expressed him to men's eyes that they knew him as he was, even while he lived; and his fame has never wavered. No other name has found a supreme place in the world's esteem so soon, and will hold it so long. His majestic figure dominates our history—stands at the end of its every vista—even as the Capitol rises in splendor above the avenues of the city that bears his name.

And so it is well that all Americans keep and cherish the anniversary of his birth. When, more than now, have we needed his calm judgment, courage and patience? The industrial and commercial movements of a generation seem to have culminated. The discussions of the relation of so-called capital and labor have reached a crisis, or a new phase. The forces bearing these names have so far united that every city and manufacturing community is sharply divided on this line; and all civic and political questions are involved in this strife. Yet, the division is very old, as well as inaccurate. More than two decades ago, in a political contest turning

somewhat on these issues, Gambetta declared: "There is no 'social question:' there are social questions." Year by year the differences and antagonisms have been increased and exasperated by the startling contrast between the extremes of physical comfort and social advantage shared by the rich and the poor; and catch-words of class prejudice have been accepted as important truths. And this imminent division of our social and industrial fabric is complicated with the return into painful prominence of the race question. The dangers thus threatened to our commercial and political welfare are actual and serious, and they must be met. Just now, the unexpected bulk and power of these hostile "trusts" of capital and "trusts" of labor seem to have created conditions not only unknown to the fathers of the Republic, but quite beyond their forecast. The public mind is almost stunned by the very bigness of the physical elements of the problem, and ready to doubt whether our accepted principles are applicable or adequate to instant needs.

Let these considerations not appall, but sober us. Let us seek calmly the essential nature and scope of these questions. Here, as in the currency debate, we many find that quantitative theories are fallacious or misleading. Let us remember that present difficulties are but incidents of the boundless opportunities which our Republic has opened on this continent. The principles of human rights, which this government was founded to vindicate and maintain, have not lost their truth, or their power to benefit mankind, in the changed conditions. Now, as then, the social unit is the individual. His physical, mental and moral well-being and improvement are the first and last object of political concern; and no method for social betterment is approved by our experience which ignores him. All plans for amelioration must be brought to the test of justice, of equal justice to every man; and based on popular conviction. Discussion is the natural element of democracy. Its object is truth. Therefore, the expression of opinion in the press, from the pulpit and the rostrum, and in legislative halls should be absolutely free, honest and fearless. Only thus can we support "the standard," raised by Washington, "to which the wise and honest may repair."

In the light and under the inspiration of his example, let us withdraw from distracting pursuits, and here attend with mind and conscience upon the teachings of this anniversary. Let us recall, and realize for ourselves, the calm, unwavering spirit, the broad intelligence and devoted patriotism with which he met the trials of his times. To guide our thoughts in this way, Massachusetts has lent us a distinguished son. From the vantage of near half a century of exalted public service, inspired by high ideals and enriched with exhaustive scholarship, he can speak with authority and illumination. The blood of Roger Sherman and of Samuel Hoar have found new honor in his life. When Massachusetts sent the latter to South Carolina to test the validity of a law making it criminal for a free-born black to enter that state, the bitterness of Southern feeling against abolitionists put his life in constant jeopardy. When his friends warned him not to appear publicly in Charleston, he answered: "I would rather the boys should troll this old head about the streets as a foot-ball, than that I should ever hide it."

In recognition of a like spirit, we welcome his son as he speaks to us on Washington: Ladies and Gentlemen, the Honorable George F. Hoar, Senator from Massachusetts.

SENATOR GEORGE. F HOAR

Senator Hoar

WASHINGTON.

There is no man living anywhere, with whatever honors his life may have been crowned, to whom it would not be an added honor to be invited to address this brilliant company in this famous city on this historic anniversary.

Chicago is conspicuous among the great cities of the world for many things. In two things she stands unrivalled.

Great as she is to-day, wonderful as has been her past, yet she is, beyond all other communities, the city of the future. She may well look forward with an assured and sober confidence to the time when the scepter, which passed away from Rome, shall pass away from London also, and shall be within her grasp.

Chicago is foremost among American cities, foremost, so far as I know, among the cities of the world, in the great virtue of public spirit. If we can judge by the report of her, the citizen of Chicago seems to feel, to a degree not found elsewhere, that her honor is his honor, that her prosperity is his prosperity, and that all he is and has is at her service. It is of this temper that civic greatness is born.

Yet to a people having the right that you have to be proud of their present, and looking forward, as you do, with a confident courage and hope to a great hereafter, there is a peculiar and special danger. That is the danger of Provincialism, the danger of that spirit which is impatient of the authority of the past, and of the contemporary opinion of mankind. Self-satisfaction, disregard of tradition and precedent and authority, pride in being a law to themselves, these are the besetting sins of successful and self-made men who have achieved fortune and greatness rapidly. They are likely to be the besetting sins also of cities and of States and Nations that have achieved greatness and success, as you have, with a wonderful rapidity.

So, gentlemen, it is a sign of profoundest wisdom, it is an admirable augury of happiest omen to Chicago, that this influential Society selects the birthday of George Washington for special commemoration, and means to keep his lineaments and character before her people, especially before her youth.

There is no Provincialism like the Provincialism which confines a man to his own time. There is no intellectual dullness like the intellectual dullness which comes from the contentment of an absolute self-satisfaction. There is no man and no community so certain of failure as the man or the community to which the past can speak no lesson. But, on the other hand, reverence for the past, a mind open to the lessons taught by other countries and other places, which are in some sort to all of us as a posterity, make even an Insular and Provincial nature Continental and Imperial.

It is well that such a community still makes the birthday of Washington its great anniversary. Washington, too, did his work well in his own time. He was not without proper respect for ancestry, and proper care for posterity. But he did not dwell too much on either. He was thinking always of the duty which was present and at hand. As Emerson said of him: "He was up to the top of his boots in his own meadow."

I have sometimes thought that we might improve somewhat our method of celebrating the birthdays of our heroes and statesmen. Instead of inviting some living orator, let us, as near as may be, invite the man himself to the celebration. If the people are considering some question involving the public welfare, or the fate of the republic, or what, if not the same thing, are higher and dearer yet, the honor and the conscience of the Republic, let some faithful searcher gather everything the man we would honor has left us on that subject in the way of example or of precept. If the question be whether we shall enter upon a career of foreign dominion, let us celebrate Washington's birthday by recalling what he said on that subject. If the question be what constitutes lawful reason for war; or what is the duty of good citizenship when the country is in a war in which it is wrong; or, what are the rights which belong everywhere to that being which we call

a people; or what is the line of distinction between power and right, when a strong nation has to deal with a weak one; or whether it be lawful for one people to subdue another to its will; what consent of the governed, if any, be necessary to the exercise of just powers of government; whether there can be taxation rightfully without representation; whether men may be lawfully held in a State as subjects and not citizens—would it not be well, on Abraham Lincoln's birthday, to gather everything he said on those subjects, and what he did when charged with public responsibilities? Would it not be well on Webster's birthday, to call him up to bear his testimony as in visible presence; or, on Jefferson's birthday, to hear what he had to say about it; or, on Sumner's birthday, to listen again to the counsel of that dauntless and righteous spirit? In that way the silent lips of the mighty dead will seem ever speaking their high commands to their countrymen. In that way every generation will still live, and Washington and Webster and Lincoln may still always be present on the spots with which they were familiar in life, still sitting, still deliberating, still debating.

But I will not run that risk to-day. Washington's own words, far better than my own, would be undoubtedly his most fitting memorial. But I might be thought to convey by indirection a condemnation of some thing or somebody which might be thought out of place in a celebration from which current politics are supposed to be banished.

There is one unerring test of true greatness, whether in literature, or in science, or thought, or action, or character. That is, that it seems to be contemporaneous with all the generations. The Hebrew Scriptures, the essays of Bacon, the plays of Shakespeare, Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, the character and glory of Alfred and Lincoln and Franklin, Plato and Socrates and Cicero, and the Declaration of Independence, speak to us to-day freshly, and without loss of effect by reason of remoteness of time. They would have made a like impression in the time of the Hebrew or the Greek, or the Roman Commonwealth. They will speak with like effect hereafter in all coming time to any generation that hath ears to hear.

That is conspicuously true of Washington. If you were

to read of him in Plutarch there would be no sense that he was out of place. He would still be the most perfect of Plutarch's men. If you were to read of him on the page that tells the story of Alfred, or the Bruce, or St. Louis, of France, or the greatest and best of the men of the Hebrew Commonwealth, there would be no feeling that he did not belong to his age, but only that there was a better and purer and greater Alfred, or Bruce, or St. Louis, or Hebrew Monarch. So, I believe there never will be a period in all coming time when a character like that of Washington will excite a sense of incongruity, or of antiquity, but only the natural feeling that a character of supreme excellence has been bestowed by God upon man.

It is the great good fortune of the people of America, especially of the youth of America, that we have for our National hero a character whom they can take as a model of behavior in every condition, every transaction, every occupation in life. I cannot think of any question of morality, of courtesy, or noble and elevated behavior, of expediency in the conduct of doubtful and difficult affairs, which a young man or an old man could not safely answer by asking himself and telling himself what George Washington would have done in a like case. I do not know of any other nation on earth that possesses or has possessed such a model.

I need not dwell upon the vast advantage of such an example over a mere lifeless code of general rules for the conduct of life. Indeed, it is not necessary to remind you here and in this presence that the Author of our religion has directed that mankind be taught Christian principles and Christian character by a great Exemplar. The power of the great religious orders in the great churches, a power which is among the wonders of history, is due largely to the example of the saints who founded them, or for whom they are named.

Now, in claiming for George Washington that he was an example of all excellence which the American youth may with safety take as his model of character and conduct for every condition and every transaction in life, do not let me be suspected of falling into our National habit of exaggeration. I wish to cite a few tributes from, if not hostile, at least

impartial sources of the highest authority.

There is no time to-day to cite much of the overwhelming and concurrent testimony of great Englishmen, statesmen and writers of history, and of great authoriteies on the Continent, to the primacy of George Washington among mankind. The only name likely to be thought of anywhere for parallel or comparison is that in whose glory we also have an inherited title to share—that of Alfred.

We need have no misgivings about Washington. By this time, more than a century from his death, his life at home and in public is well known. The case is all in.
"Whatever record leap to light, he never shall he shamed."

The youth of America need not depend on American authority for an estimate of this supreme and faultless character. The great historians of other countries are not behind ours in their tributes to his greatness. Earl Russell said of him:

"Without the genius of Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte, he has a far purer fame, as his ambition was of a higher and holier nature. In modern history no man had done such great things without the soil of selfishness or the stain of a groveling ambition. Cæsar, Cromwell, Napoleon, attained a higher elevation, but the love of dominion was the spur that drove them on. John Hampden, William Russell, Algernon Sydney, may have had motives as pure, and an ambition as unstained; but they fell. To George Washington nearly alone in modern times has it been given to accomplish a wonderful revolution, and yet to remain to all future times the theme of a people's gratitude, and an example of virtuous and beneficent power."

Lord Erskine, the greatest of English advocates, inscribed one of his works to Washington, declaring, "You are the only being for whom I have an awful reverence." Charles James Fox said of him in the House of Commons, "The illustrious man before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance," and Lord Brougham, at the close of his public life, repeated the estimate he had given near the beginning of it: "Until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue

be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington." And again, at another time, Lord Brougham says, "Washington was the greatest man of our own or any age."

At another time Fox says of him: "A character of virtues so happily tempered by one another, and so wholly unalloyed with any vices as that of Washington is hardly to be found on the pages of history."

Mr. Green, the author of the history of the English people, says of him:

"No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life. Washington was grave and courteous in address; his manners were simple and unpretending; his silence and the serene calmness of his temper spoke of a perfect self-mastery. But there was little in his outer bearing to reveal the grandeur of soul which lifts his figure with all the simple majesty of an ancient statue out of the smaller passions and meaner impulses of the world around him. It was only as the weary fight went on that the colonists discovered, however slowly and imperfectly, the greatness of their leader, his clear judgment, his heroic endurance, his silence under difficulties, his calmness in the hour of danger or defeat, the patience with which he waited, the quickness and hardness with which he struck, the lofty and serene sense of duty that never swerved from its task through resentment or jealousy, that never through war or peace felt the touch of a meaner ambition, that knew no aim save that of guarding the freedom of his fellow countrymen, and no personal longing save that of returning to his own fireside when their freedom was secured. It was almost unconsciously that men learned to cling to Washington with a trust and faith such as few other men have won, and to regard him with a reverence which still hushes us in presence of his memory."

No other man uttered the best thought of Scotland as it was uttered by Robert Burns. When somebody in his presence proposed the health of Pitt, I think then Prime Minister, Burns said, "I give the health of a better man, George Washington." This was not very long after Burns had given, during the American War, the toast, "May our success in the

present war be equal to the justice of our cause."

Count Herzburg, for thirty years Frederick the Great's famous minister of foreign affairs said, that Washington surpassed men in his great virtues and qualities, even the most celebrated of antiquity.

Lord Byron's tribute is well known:

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes, One, the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one.

"No one who has not been in England can have a just idea of the admiration expressed among all parties for General Washington. It is a common observation that he is not only the most illustrious, but the most meritorious character that has yet appeared."

Rufus King to General Hamilton, 1797.

Mr. Gladstone said that Washington was the purest figure in history. He declares:

"If, among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity, I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required, at a moment's notice, to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice, at any time during the last forty-five years, would have lighted, and it would now light, upon Washington."

Talleyrand said of him:

"His fame is beyond comparison with that of others."

Even China has placed in his monument a stone which declares: "Can any man of ancient or modern times fail to pronounce Washington peerless?"

I will add one other tribute of exquisite beauty, from an American source. It is from the most fastidious of critics, Fisher Ames:

"Consider for a moment, what a reputation it was; such

as no man ever before possessed by so clear a title, and in so high a degree. His fame seemed in its purity to exceed even its brightness. Office took honor from his acceptance, but conferred none. Ambition stood awed and darkened by his shadow. For where, through the wide earth, was the man so vain as to dispute precedence with him; or what were the honors that could make the possessor Washington's superior? Refined and complex as the ideas of virtue are, even the gross could discern in his life the infinite superiority of her rewards. Mankind perceived some change in their ideas of greatness; the splendor of power, and even of the name of conqueror, had grown dim in their eyes. They did not know that Washington could augment his fame; but they knew and felt that the world's wealth, and its empire, too, would be a bribe far beneath his acceptance."

Works of Fisher Ames, Vol. 2, p. 78.

Probably no American public man of Washington's time—certainly none who deserved the name of statesman—differed so entirely in character, mental traits, and political opinion from Washington as Thomas Jefferson. Jefferson left the Cabinet of his great chief of his own accord to become the leader of the party opposed to his policies—a party which took possession of the government four years after Washington's retirement and a little more than one year after Washington's death. But Jefferson, late in his own life, when it was suggested to him that the fame of Washington might lessen with the lapse of years, looked up to the sky and answered: "Washington's fame will go on increasing until the brightest constellation in yonder heavens is called by his name."

So we have the right to say of him as the old Monk said of King Arthur:

"The Old World knows not his peer, nor will the future show us his equal; he alone towers over other kings, better than the past ones, and greater than those that are to be."

If you wish to make a study of this great man you will do well not to confine yourselves to any one biography. When you have read carefully the best lives of Washington you will have become familiar not only with the greatest human char-

acter in history, but with a historic epoch of large and enduring influence upon the destinies of mankind. Several historians of great distinction and of great variety of intellectual quality, but all of the first rank, have made the life of Washington their theme. You will do well to study them all, perhaps to study them all at the same time. When you deal with a great event, political or military, it may be well to have the narrative of it as told by each of these authors in the mind at the same time.

The first of these in the order of time, as in intellectual rank, is the life of Washington by John Marshall, the great Chief Justice of the United States. Marshall was a grave and serious-minded man, indifferent to the graces of style, or to the art by which an author entertains his readers and relieves the tediousness of a narrative without departing from sobriety and propriety. His account of Washington's early life and the miltary transactions of the Revolutionary War are lacking in spirit and picturesqueness, although absolutely trustworthy, as the character of the narrator would make us sure. Marshall's account of the political history of the country from the close of the Revolution to Washington's death in 1799, is that of a very great statesman and constitutional lawyer who himself had a large share in the transactions of which he has to tell. No other man who ever lived was so capable of understanding the great principles settled in that day, on which the enduring foundations of the Republic are builded. He enjoyed Washington's fullest confidences. He belonged to Washington's own state. He was a leader in the legislature of Virginia, where the struggles were almost as important as those in either House of Congress. He was one of the leaders in the Virginia convention that adopted the Constitution, a convention on whose decision the fate of the Constitution largely depended. Washington offered him a seat in his Cabinet, which he declined. He offered him the place of Envoy to France, which he declined. He was afterward a member of Congress, Secretary of State, and, as you know, Chief Justice of the United States for thirty-four years. It is hardly too much to say that but for his great judgments the Constitution of the United States could not successfully

have worked in practice as a mechanism of government. But as is commonly the case with biographies written so near the lifetime of the subject, the author had not access to a great deal of the material which afterward came to light, necessary for a perfect execution of his task.

Jared Sparks, the editor of Washington's writings in twelve volumes, and also the author of a life, is perhaps unequaled among our historic investigators in the unerring accuracy of historic judgment. He lacks grace of style, enthusiasm, spirit and imagination. But he was the most conscientious and industrious of investigators. He had access not only to Washington's own papers, but to the family papers of a great many of his contemporaries. He rummaged the national archives and those of most, if not all, of the old thirteen states, and he knew well what was important and what was unimportant. He sticks to his fact like a mathematician. What he says is true *is* true, and you need not trouble yourself to inquire further.

Washington Irving brought to his task industry, integrity, the charm of that matchless style which makes him still accounted, so far as genius is concerned, the foremost of American prose writers, or in that respect at least to share that lofty place with Hawthorne alone. Mr. Irving liked to delight and entertain as well as to instruct his readers. In his pages Washington steps down from his pedestal, and while there is nothing found which tarnishes that pure fame, the hero leaves the ranks of demigods and mingles with mortal men.

Edward Everett also has written a brief life, prepared originally for the Encyclopedia Britannica, and expanded into a small volume. You can read it in two or three hours. It will repay perusal as a good summing up of the great career of the Father of his Country, although there is nothing in it to enhance the fame either of the subject or the author. It is a pity that Lord Macaulay, on whose recommendation Mr. Everett was asked to write that memoir, could not have undertaken it himself. But if I cannot speak with enthusiasm of Mr. Everett's life of Washington, I can hardly find language to express myself, in commending to you, and to the

youth of the present generation, Mr. Everett's masterly oration upon the same theme. It is, so far as I know, and so far as I can judge, foremost among the masterpieces of eulogistic oratory in any tongue or in any generation. It was undertaken by Mr. Everett for the purpose of purchasing and preserving Mount Vernon. It was delivered and repeated in the chief cities and large towns of the country and, with the proceeds of a few other lectures and essays by Mr. Everett on kindred subjects, yielded about ninety thousand dollars of the fund of one hundred thousand required to redeem Mount Vernon. Mr. Everett sketches the intellectual and physical character of Washington, from his splendid youth, a model of manly strength and beauty, perfect in the qualities and accomplishments of the gentleman and the soldier, but wise and thoughtful beyond his years, inspiring at the outset of his career that love and confidence which are usually earned only by a long life of service, through all the acts of that mighty drama of which he was the foremost character, the observed of all eyes, the beloved of all true American hearts, shaping and wielding the destinies of his country in her great birthtime, down to his death at Mount Vernon, in his own home, the wife of his youth by his side, amid the benedictions and the sorrow of his countrymen. The story is depicted by the marvelous genius of the great artist on a canvas that shall endure as long as the fame of Washington himself. I should like to repeat to you some of the great passages from that great oration, especially the contrast between Mount Vernon, the simple dwelling place of America's illustrious hero and Father, the home of George Washington and Martha, his beloved, loving and faithful wife, and the splendor of Blenheim House, the monumental pile where the gratitude of England poured itself out in unrestrained lavishness upon her great warrior and victor; and the beautiful close where the orator conceives the fame of Washington passing from the narrow strip of territory fringing the Atlantic shore, which was all his country occupied when he died, from the Southern plains to the Western lakes, beyond the Ohio, beyond the Mississippi, along with the stupendous trail of immigration from east to west, which, bursting into states as it moved westward,

was then already threading the western prairies, swarming through the portals of the Rocky Mountains and winding down their slopes to the Pacific, and then in the prophetic imagination of the orator, traveling with the Silver Queen of heaven through sixty degrees of longitude, and not parting company with her till she walks in her brightness through the golden gate of California, and passes serenely on to hold midnight court with her Australian stars.

Mr. Everett adds that there, and only there, in barbarous archipelagoes, as yet untrodden by civilized man, the name of Washington is unknown, and there, too, when they swarm with enlightened millions new honors shall be paid with ours to his memory.

But the rich silver tones of the trumpet voice of the unequaled orator, speaking as Pericles might be conceived to have spoken to an Athenian audience in the great day of Grecian eloquence, still linger in my memory and forbid the sacrilegious attempt.

But, after all, among the elaborate biographies of Washington, the best portraiture of him in literature is the life of him by my colleague, Henry Cabot Lodge. It may be trusted thoroughly as to its facts and its judgments. A flood of light has been poured in upon the subject by the material which has been uncovered since the time of Marshall and Sparks and Irving. The memoir is full enough to tell the story of the great and important transactions of Washington's life, and still compact enough to retain its hold on the interest and attention of the reader from the beginning to the end. Mr. Lodge has a statesman's capacity to deal with and to judge of the concerns of state, the enthusiasm of an orator, the literary skill of a trained and practiced writer, and the industry of a thorough historic investigator. If you have time but for one of these biographies, I commend to you that of Mr. Lodge as, on the whole, the best, although he has to contend with such great competitors as Marshall and Sparks and Irving.

You should also make yourselves familiar, not only for a description of Washington, but as a masterpiece of splendid oratory, with the almost forgotten oration of Fisher Ames,

delivered before the Massachusetts legislature just after Washington's death. It is a tribute of exquisite beauty, from an American source. Mr. Ames was the most fastidious of judges and of critics. But he knew Washington, in whose first administration he was, although a young man and in feeble health, a great Federalist leader. His speech on Jay's Treaty ranks with that of John Marshall on the case of Jonathan Robbins, and Webster's reply to Hayne, as one of the three greatest speeches ever delivered in either House of the American Congress. It is said that that speech and the speech of Chief Justice Marshall, which I just mentioned, are the only speeches ever made in the American Congress that converted a hostile majority on a great political question on which the House was divided by party lines. Mr. Ames's thought is profound and wise as that of Burke, his style full of life and spirit, impressive and sententious like that of the Proverbs of Solomon. Image crowds upon image in the inexhaustible fertility of his mind, keeping the mind of the hearer and the reader constantly stimulated with expectation and curiosity, and creating constant surprise and delight.

I think I ought also to commend to your attention two very remarkable addresses by the late Robert C. Winthrop. He delivered the oration at the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Monument, July 4, 1848, and again an oration in commemoration of its completion February 22, 1885, thirty-seven years thereafter. It is a curious coincidence that he associated his name forever with the beginning and the finishing of that monument, as Mr. Webster is associated by two wonderful orations with the foundation and the completion of the monument at Bunker Hill. Mr. Winthrop's addresses are in all respects worthy of comparison with those of Webster. These four orations will stand together at the very head of that department of oratory.

When you have read these lives and read also Washington's own great addresses—his farewell to the governors of the states when he laid down his commisison in 1783; his farewell address when he laid down the presidency in 1797—you will have seen Washington as he was. You will see him as if you had gazed upon a photograph of his very soul.

You will know by heart the greatest man in all history; one of the very few and the greatest of the very few great men who have lived wholly for their country and not at all for themselves, and who, as a great orator says, appear in human annals "like five or six lighthouses on as many thousand miles of coast."

It was said by Richard Steele of a beautiful and accomplished Englishwoman, Lady Elizabeth Fleming, that to love her was a liberal education. If you have studied and taken into your hearts and souls the character of Washington as depicted by these great authorities, you have a liberal education in the essentials of American citizenship. You have laid the foundation in character for anything that can be demanded of you by your country in war or in peace, for soldier, statesman, citizen.

Now, in commending to you the sources by which you can possess yourself of a just conception of the great character of the Father of our Country from an original investigation, I have left little space to say anything about him from myself. But surely it is better so. What can I say which is worth saying upon such a theme? Washington died one hundred and four years ago next December. From that day to this his life and his praise have been the theme of oratory and poetry the country through, on every recurring anniversary of his birthday which, like the birthday of the country itself, is one of our two great national holidays.

The designer of the noble shaft which towers above the city which bears his name has with rare felicity designed that emblem of the simple and majestic character of Washington. There is no ornament or sculpture or delicate carving to attract or fascinate the eye. Simplicity, grandeur, just proportion, strength, endurance, are its characteristics, as they were his characteristics. It must ever take a high rank among great and majestic public works. In a clear morning, when the sky is full of light or some delicate cloud moves over its summit, far above the streets and towers and spires of the city, its shining point suggests the lines of the Englishman, Doctor Aiken, written while Washington was yet living:

Point of that pyramid, whose solid base
Rests firmly founded in a Nation's trust,
Which, while the gorgeous palace sinks in dust,
Shall stand sublime, and fill its ample space.

Think how poor were Washington's resources! During a large part of the time when he was besieging the British army in Boston, he had scarcely powder enough to fire a salute. His few cannon had been dragged by oxen across New England from Ticonderoga. He had no money to pay his soldiers; no drill officers to teach his raw recruits military discipline; no military text-books for his engineers. His life was almost a solitude amid the jealousies and strifes which existed in that day, in quite as large degree as now, among his generals and officers, and (what has happily passed by now) among the troops of the different colonies. The inexhaustible pecuniary resources of England promised an inexhaustible supply of troops, native or mercenary. His great antagonists had the support of a powerful navy. I would not undervalue the navy of the revolution, whose great service to the cause of independence has been so much overlooked. Indeed, it is doubtful whether without it the war for liberty could have been brought to a successful close. But its chief service was in destroying English commerce and not as an aid to our military operations. So in the time of framing the Constitution and in administering the government for the first eight years, Washington had nowhere to look either for example or for instruction. All the paths he trod had to be broken out by himself and his great companions and associates. We who find our path broken, macadamized, leveled, blazed by the sure and safe precedents of 125 years can hardly understand the difficulties which beset Washington. And yet, in his whole life, from the time when but a youth of twenty-four, he gave his wise but vain counsel to General Braddock, and brought home all the laurels of that most disastrous expedition, to the time when, full of years and honors, he left to his countrymen his farewell address—that almost inspired political Bible, the adherence to which ever has brought and ever will bring to us safety, prosperity, and glory, the departure from which is the path to danger, ruin and shame—he

never made a mistake and never gave unwise counsel to his countrymen.

There are some characters, unhappily few, of whom we never think as struggling with or conquering temptation. Sin did not beset them. I suppose this was never yet literally and perfectly true of any man or woman. Yet it was as nearly true of George Washington as of any man or woman. Integrity, unselfish and unambitous service, industry that sought no repose while it remained to be done, unhesitating self-sacrifice, purity not only unsullied but untempted, were all his. The temptation to evil never seems to have beset that lofty nature, nor besieged that impregnable fortress. The Devil is an ass. But he never was such an ass as to waste his time tempting George Washington.

Washington's style, in general, is somewhat artificial, with a little tendency on ordinary occasions to the somewhat inflated, latinized diction of which Doctor Johnson had set the fashion in his time. But he rises often, when he forgets the language and is intent on the thought, into a noble and vigorous speech. Some of the best examples of good English are to be found in the untutored speech and writing of boys. Washington compiled or copied or composed, in early youth, a series of rules of behavior in company and conversation which ends with a maxim certainly not to be improved upon either in style or substance: "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire—conscience."

Mr. Winthrop, with that *curiosa felicitas* both of thought and phrase, for which he is unsurpassed among the orators of the generation which has just left the stage, said in his last great public address, speaking to the youth of the country: "Keep ever in your mind and before your mind's eye the loftiest standard of character. Strive to approximate that lofty standard, and measure your integrity and your patriotism by your nearness to it or your departure from it. The prime meridian of universal longitude on sea or land may be at Greenwich or at Paris or where you will. The prime meridian of pure, disinterested, patriotic, exalted human character, will be marked forever by yonder Washington obelisk."

Washington's virtues were the corner-stone virtues.

They were the virtues which lie at the foundation of all civil society as well as of noble individual character. It is not these which commonly excite the imagination or strike the fancy. It is not these which delight audiences in the portrayal. Poets celebrate the beauty of the morning, the Assyrian sunrise and the Paphian sunset, the fragrance of the rose, the verdure of the grass, the softness of the gale. They do not write odes to gravitation or to mathematics, or to order, or to the great laws which preserve health. So we do not find that veracity, judgment, prudence, disinterestedness, justice, sobriety, stir the blood and quicken the pulse when we talk of them. But they are the virtues to which human life owes its safety and human society its civilization.

I would say it in all reverence (surely we have a right to say it), if it be true that God has made man in his own image, and if it be true that divinity has come to the earth to be an example to humanity, then it is not impious for us to claim that humanity has sometimes attained something of the divine image in which it was created, and has been able to copy the divine Example to imitate which it is invited. The virtues of Washington are the virtues which we ascribe in our humble, imperfect and faraway conception to divinity.

Think of his absolute veracity! He conducted with his own hand a vast correspondence, enough to tax to its uttermost the strength of mind and brain and body of an athlete even if he had had to bear no other burden of public care. His published correspondence fills many large volumes, and there is a great deal, I suppose, still unpublished. But there is not a trace of duplicity, of concealment, of saying one thing to one man and another to another, of assurances of respect or goodwill that do not come from the heart, such as, I am sorry to say, disfigure the correspondence of some of his famous and honored cotemporaries. The little fable invented by Weems, his enthusiastic biographer, has become the standing jest of many a generation of irreverent boys. But nobody ever doubted or ever will doubt that George Washington could not tell a lie, could not act a lie, could not think a lie; that a lie could not live in his presence, or that all falsehood and dissimulation would slink abashed and confounded from the

gaze of those pure eyes and from that perfect witness.

"I do not remember, said Washington in 1786, that in the course of my life I ever forfeited my word, or broke a promise made to any one."

I never say anything of a man that I have the smallest scruple of saying to him.

This virtue of absolute veracity deserves to rank highest among those which our humanity can attain. Men of all civilized nations pay an unconscious tribute to it when they resent the imputation of falsehood as even a greater affront than the charge of cowardice. In deed falsehood is the very essence of cowardice. The man who lies, lies, usually, because he is afraid to tell the truth, because he does not dare to stand by his action or his thought. The great nations of history, the great characters of history, are those who are most famed for the supreme virtue of truth. The only heroes of the nation from whom we derive our own lineage, who deserve to be named in the same day with Washington are the Englishman, King Alfred, and the Irishman, the Duke of Wellington. King Alfred was called "the truth teller." Wellington was called the truth lover.

"Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named.
Truth-lover was our English Duke."

He had a weighing and balancing mind. His intellect was like a pair of accurately adjusted scales. He did not often, especially in civil affairs, originate the policies upon which he acted. But he listened carefully and patiently to every counsel from which he could get instruction, and then brought it in the end to the sure test of his own unerring judgment. He weighed the advice of his great counsellors, the claims of contending parties, and of Jefferson and Hamilton and Adams and Pickering, in a balance as infallible as the golden scales which the Eternal hung forth in Heaven,

"Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,"

in which, according to Milton, the arch-rebel read and knew his fate.

There are young men before me who I am sure aspire to take hereafter an honorable part in the service of the country. You have not received the priceless advantage and bless-

ing of American citizenship as beggars or mendicants who receive a benefit which they never return. What your country has given you you mean to return again to her. You mean in the simple language of the oath taken by the humblest official, "to defend her against all enemies, foreign or domestic." The foreign enemy is not likely to put your manhood to any severe proof, or it will be a proof of your physical courage alone. The enemy that will demand your moral courage for the encounter is the domestic enemy. He will appear under many names, in various guise. But the unerring test by which you will detect him will be by comparing his principles, purposes and character with those of George Washington. If any man tell you that the counsels of George Washington have grown musty and rusty; that they are not for large nations, but only for little ones; that, as a great newspaper said the other day, a man who is now in the company of George Washington is in bad company, because his policies and counsels were bad for the American of the present day—mark and distrust that man as the domestic enemy of your country. He may be sincere; he may be misguided; he may be carried away by a spasm of popular excitement; he may be obeying the behest of party. But, none the less, indeed all the more for that, is he the dangerous enemy of the peace and prosperity of the United States.

Mr. Everett's great oration, of which I spoke just now, was delivered in the few years preceding 1860, when the angry threatenings of civil war and disunion were heard all round our national horizon. Mr. Everett called upon his countrymen, as it seemed for a time, in vain, to forget, to turn a deaf ear to these unpatriotic counsels, to this mad cry of treason and disunion, and return once more to the patriotic counsel of Washington. It seemed, for a time, as if the appeal were unheeded. But the spasm of popular madness and rage passed by, and Washington resumed his place again as our supreme counsellor and leader. He became once more the example and idol of every American soldier and statesman, and the Farewell Address became once again the political Bible of every American. Doubt not that this shall happen again and again. Other temptations will come to us and

party spirit, like Satan sitting at the ear of Eve, will speak again its baleful counsel in the ear of the people. Popular excitement will be kindled by the lust of empire and passion for conquest. The eyes of the people may be dazzled for a time by a false and tinsel military glory. But while the portrait of Washington hangs in every village; while his statutes adorn our chief cities; while his monument is found in every State; while his life is on the shelf of every home; while the detail of his great career is studied in every university; while his image is in the heart of every youth, the people will come back again to the wise, sober and just counsel in following which lies the path to a true glory and a true safety. The American people will never long go astray so long as to every great question of national policy or national duty they know what Washington would have said, and know what Washington did say.

If any man would test, as with a touch-stone, any party or political war-cry of to-day, let him think before he grow too enthusiastic if he can imagine George Washington uttering it. If he can, he is safe enough to utter it himself. If he cannot, he had better try to find another.

Who ever thinks of George Washington as stopping to consider popularity or public sentiment or political or personal advantage to himself by pleasing the people when he had to determine a question of duty? He was as unmoved by the breeze of popular opinion as the summit of the mountain that bears his name. It is for that reason that the reverence in which his countrymen hold him is as enduring and as unshaken as the mountain summit.

I am no blind worshiper of the Past. I do not believe that Renown and Grace are dead. I am no pessimist or alarmist. I am certainly no misanthropist. While there are many men who have served their country better in their generation than I have in mine, I yield to no man in love for the Republic, or in pride in my country, and in my countrymen who are making to-day her honorable history. We may err in our day. Our fathers erred in theirs. Yet our generation is better than those who went before it. The coming generations will be better than we are. The Republic where every man

has his share in the Government is better than the Monarchy, or the Oligarchy, or the Aristocracy. Our Republic is better than any other Republic. To-day is better than yesterday, and to-morrow will be better than to-day. But while each generation has its own virtues, each generation has its own dangers, and its own mistakes, and its own shortcomings.

The difference between the generations of any country with a history is commonly not one of principle, but of emphasis. The doctrine of 1776, when we won our independence, planted our country on the eternal principles of equality of individuals and of nations in political rights, and declared that no man and no people had the right to judge of the fitness of any other for self-government. In 1787 the Constitution was builded on the doctrine that there were domains within which the Government had no right to enter, and that there were powers which the people would not commit to any authority, State or National. The doctrine of 1861 and the years which followed, declared the natural right of every man to his own freedom, whatever might be his race or color; and the natural right of every man to make his dwelling wherever on the face of the earth he might think fit. These truths will, perhaps, be accepted to-day as generally as they were accepted then. But if accepted at all they are accepted by the intellect only, and not by the heart. They are not much talked about, except to ridicule them, to refine about them, or to find some plausible reason why they should not be applied.

The orator of to-day puts his emphasis on Glory, on Empire, on Power, on Wealth. We live under, and love, and we still shed our heart's blood for the same flag which floated over our fathers, and for which they were ready to die. But it sometimes seems that the flag has a different meaning, whether it float over the Capitol or the ship of war, or the regiment on the march, or the public assembly. We no longer speak of it, except coldly and formally, as the symbol of Liberty; but only as the symbol of power, or of a false, cheap, tinsel glory.

I think the popular reverence for Washington, and Lincoln, and for Sumner, and for Webster, is not abated. But yet few political speakers quote to-day the great sentences

which made them so famous, or the great principles to which they devoted their lives.

While, as I said, I have a profound respect for the opinion of my countrymen, it is not for that opinion formed in excitement or in haste or under pressure of political necessity. It is for the opinion formed, as Washington formed his, soberly, quietly, calmly, through sober, second thought.

There is scarcely a shabby or sorry story of any country, certainly in the history of free nations, which is not a story of a popular delusion in which for a time nearly the whole community shared. The martyrdom of Socrates, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the persecution which drove the Pilgrims to Ledyen, the witchcraft delusion, the compromise measures, the brief rise and spread of Know-Nothingism, all represent completely the desire of the people for the time being.

There have been many such delusions in the history of the American people. But, so far, the American people have outgrown them, have repented of them, and have atoned for them. Indeed we can hardly lament that they have happened, when we think that if they had not happened the sublime repentance and atonement also would not have happened. We may lament the long and gloomy and terrible years of Slavery and of Rebellion; and yet without Slavery and Rebellion we should have never known the heroism of the American people, or the quality of our splendid youth of 1861. We cannot explain why it is that an omnipotent and benignant Providence has suffered evil to exist in the universe He has created. But at least this is true. Without evil there could have been no virtue; without the possibility of sin, there could have been no possibility of righteousness; without the Athenian mob, there could have been no Socrates; without George III and Lord North, there could have been no Washington; without Slavery and Rebellion, there could have been no Lincoln.

Another lesson the Republic may learn from Washington is its sensitiveness to the individual touch. I do not think that it would be true if I were to say that the moral power of a single will and a single character is as strong in a popular Government as in a Monarchy or a Despotism. But I am

sometimes tempted to say so when I think of the many instances where the whole current of our history has been turned by one man.

I should like, if I had time, to give a great many examples, easily to be found, where the fate of a nation, and many more where the fate of a generation has depended upon the will and the purpose and the character of a single individual. Many of Washington's contemporaries believed that but for the confidence felt in him the conflict with England could not have been maintained. Mr. Jefferson, I think it was, said later: "We can all hang together, so long as we have you to hang to." It does not seem likely that the great political revolution which overthrew the Federal party after its twelve years of power, could have been accomplished but for the individual skill of Jefferson. I suppose most lawyers agree that but for the interpretation of the Constitution, supported by the great Judge Marshall, and carried into effect by his authority, the mechanism of our Constitution would have failed. The spot where I am now speaking would, in my opinion, as I think can be clearly established, have been at this moment part of a great slave-holding Empire but for the far-reaching sagacity and untiring energy of Rufus Putnam, the founder and father of Ohio, who put a new life into the dead Ordinance which consecrated this region to religion, education, and Liberty, and himself led the first colony down the Ohio to Marietta. There have been in our own day great measures pregnant with history, and with the fate of parties, won or lost by a single vote.

Washington is by no means the only conspicuous example in history, God be thanked, of a man whose public conduct was determined absolutely by the sense of duty. But he is the most conspicuous and lofty example. He is the best example of absolute conscientiousness accompanied by unerring wisdom in a place of power, where his action determined the fate of a nation, and was successful in achieving the most fortunate results.

The fate of the nation depends in the last resort on individual character. Everything in human government, like everything in individual conduct, depends, in the end, upon

the sense of duty. Whatever safeguards may be established, however complicated or well adjusted the mechanism, you come to a place somewhere where safety depends upon somebody having the will to do right when it is in his power and may be his interest to do wrong. When the people were considering the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, one of our wisest statesmen said that the real and only security for a Republic is when the rulers have the same interest as the people. If they have not, constitutional restraints will break down somewhere, except for the sense of duty of the rulers.

All elections depend upon this principle. You may multiply election officers and returning boards, you may provide for an appeal to courts of first resort or last resort. But in the end you must come somewhere to a point where the sense of public duty is stronger than party spirit, or your election is but a sort of fighting, or, if not that, a sort of cheating. The same thing is true of the individual voter, or of the legislator who is to elect the Senator, or the governor who is to appoint the judge, or the executive officer, or the judge who is to interpret the Constitution or the statute and decide the cause, or the juror who is to find the fact. On these men depend the safety and the permanence of the Republic. On these men depend life, liberty, and property. And yet each of them has to make that choice. Each has to decide whether he will be influenced by ambition or by party spirit or the desire for popular favor or the fear of popular disfavor or the love of money, on the one side, or by the sense of duty on the other.

So, in the last resort, the destiny of the Republic, like the destiny of the individual (and, in the case of an individual, character, and destiny are the same thing), depends upon individual will. Will the individual will choose what is right and not what is wrong? Now this choice is largely affected by what we call strength of will; by that habit of the soul which enables man to adhere to its deliberate purposes and principles, formed when reason is unaffected by passion or by desire, against the pressure and excitement of an immediate demand; that character of will which, as Wordsworth says in

his "Happy Warrior"—

"in the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what it foresaw."

The great single purpose of moral education, must be to induce the will to adhere to its general, permanent and deliberately conceived purpose, in spite of the motives which appeal to it with special strength at the time of the choice or action. In other words, to give a strength to resolution which will overcome the strength of temptation.

Of course, the first and perhaps the greatest thing to be accomplished is to get habit upon the side of virtue. "Happy is the man whose habits are his friends." To Washington no duty, however obscure, was unimportant, and no deviation from duty, however trifling, was possible.

I said just now, quoting from a great orator, that a few great men who have lived wholly for their country and not at all for themselves, and who alone can be thought of for comparison with Washington, appear in human annals like five or six lighthouses on as many thousand miles of coast. Even to complete that list men must go to Roman or Grecian story, where you cannot verify the record. How much of their glory Plutarch's characters owe to Plutarch, no critic can tell you to-day.

All the great men of antiquity, who in the boldest imagination might be compared with Washington, failed in accomplishing their desire for their country. Epaminondas died in battle. Socrates died by public sentence. Aristides was ostracized and banished. Cato died a suicide and an exile. The destruction of the Republic he served speedily followed the death of each.

In later times Wellington was the instrument of saving Europe from the ambition of Napoleon. He was a high example of sincerity and strength and unselfishness in peace. But he had at his command the resources of a great Empire, and the indomitable English military spirit, indomitable from the beginning of her history save by the power which Washington organized and led. No man can doubt that with Wellington's resources Washington could have accomplished

Wellington's results. No one can say that with Washington's resources Wellington could have accomplished the results of Washington.

But his achievement in war is the least of Washington's title to glory. Through his influence a great Republic was constructed and inaugurated on principles unknown, until his time, to history. He laid the foundation of our Empire not on military strength, but on Liberty and Law. The Constitution framed by the Convention over which he presided, which would not have been adopted but for his influence, and which he inaugurated, was a new and untried experiment, without either example or model in human history. Wellington, on the other hand, was a defender of the existing order of things. Many an abuse and injustice was prolonged through his influence.

No American, I think no lover of virtue anywhere, would seek to diminish or to darken the glory of Alfred, that "King to Justice dear"—

> "Mirror of Princes, indigent renown
> Might search the starry ether for a crown
> Equal to his deserts."

The glory of Alfred is ours also. The laws he gave have come down to us. We are of the blood and lineage of the country where for more than a thousand years the descendants of the great Saxon have occupied the throne. We have certainly no desire to cultivate that temper which, whenever goodness or greatness anywhere be mentioned, is eager always to declare that something or somebody else is better. But the witnesses whom we have cited, who declared Washington's primacy among mankind, are English witnesses of the highest title to be believed. Not one of them has given his judgment without considering the name of King Alfred.

We may concede to King Alfred perhaps an integrity and an unselfish devotion to his country unsurpassed even by that of Washington himself. But it is to be remembered that the difficult task of rallying the people of England to the expulsion of a band of piratic invaders, was far less than of sustaining a civilized warfare for eight years against the fleets and armies and inexhaustible treasure of Great Britain. When

Alfred won his throne he gained a kingly power. He had a kingly power at his command. He had not, as Washington had, to reconcile hostile factions, to bring into accord jealous and rival States, to inaugurate a Government, the like of which was to that time unknown to the experience of mankind. We cannot only believe, we can be sure that in Alfred's place Washington would have accomplished everything that Alfred did. No man can be sure that in Washington's place Alfred would have been able to accomplish what Washington did.

One figure remains, and one alone, who in the opinion of mankind may share with Washington his lofty pinnacle. His is an American name also; a name among the priceless treasures of the great State within whose borders we come together.

Never were two men more unlike in every lineament that made up their mental and physical portraiture than George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. They seemed to come to the same high place from opposite quarters and by diverse paths. Washington, with his quiet and grave manner, with his seriousness, his earnestness, with the stately beauty and dignity of his person and behavior, has been claimed by Englishmen as an admirable example of an Englishman. The awkward and ungainly Lincoln, with his wit and his jesting and his homely proverbs, his stories as pithy and to the point as the fables of Aesop, his shrewd management of men, his tenderness, his knowledge of human nature in every variety and condition, was, if ever man was a typical American. Washington was a born Aristocrat, who had learned by the experience of life the justice and the beauty of Democracy. Lincoln was the child of the people, who had learned by the experience of life the value of order and strong Government.

> "His was no lonely mountain peak of mind
> Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
> A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
> Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
> Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
> Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars,
> Nothing of Europe here,
> Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,

Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And Thwart her genial will;

He knew to abide his time,
And can his fame abide
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide."

Washington had little poetry or imagination in him. He accepted and lived by the simplest maxims of morals and duty. He did not seem to care for the great things in literature or poetry. You do not find him quoting the noble sentences of the Declaration, although he did so much to make it real. Lincoln was an idealist. He was penetrated to the very depths of his soul with those eternal idealities. They moved and stirred him like a note of lofty music. But yet to his mind they were as real and practical and undoubted as the multiplication table, or the Ten Commandments. No Republic could live long or deserve to live long, that was not founded on them. He declared on that fateful journey to Washington, on his way to be inaugurated, that he was willing to be assassinated, if need be, for the doctrine that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that no man, and no people, had the right to judge of the fitness for self-government of any other. And he was assassinated for it.

Each of these men embodied what was best in his countrymen in his generation. Each was the first citizen among a people who were like him. Each wrought in accord with his time. Washington more than any other man was the creator of a nation, of which Lincoln, more than any other man, was the Saviour. It will be for a later generation, not for us who remember Lincoln, to assign the precedence to either. Of one thing we may be sure, knowing the modesty so characteristic of both, that each, were he consulted, would yield the palm to the other.

Washington was a good neighbor and friend, hospitable and charitable. He loved his mother and his wife and his kindred. He had companions and counsellors and correspondents. And yet, and yet, in spite of it all, he seems

to me with his austere sense of duty and his freedom from all disturbing influences and attractions, to have dwelt in a solitude—

> "Like as a ship, that through the ocean wide,
> By conduct of some star doth make her way."

But after all, Washington has but one lesson for us; one lesson for the country; one lesson for each of his countrymen. It is the old lesson, older than history, old as Creation. That is that Justice, Veracity, Unselfishness, Character, lie at the foundation of all National and all Individual Greatness. Justice and Freedom are the Parents of Fate. To the larger and surer vision there is no such thing as Fortune. Where these are we have no need to concern ourselves with what the day may bring forth. The product of the eternities will be secure. The cosmic results will be the same, whatever the daily event may be. It is to this that the story of George Washington is a perpetual witness to his countrymen. It will be their fault, if they do not make their country its perpetual witness to mankind.

ANNUAL BANQUET

AT THE CLUB HOUSE

THE ORATOR OF THE DAY

THE PRESIDENT

RESPONSE

HONORABLE GEORGE F. HOAR

NATIONAL SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS AND
NATIONAL RESPONSIBILITIES

RT. REV. THOMAS F. GAILOR

WASHINGTON'S TIME AND OUR OWN:
CONTRASTS AND RESEMBLANCES

DR. CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

THREE CHARACTERISTIC MEN

DR. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS

Introduction

The seventeenth annual banquet was held in the dining room of the club at seven o'clock.

A pleasant surprise was given to the guests shortly after arriving at the banquet room, which was decorated with festoons and the National Emblem, together with a portrait of George Washington: the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," and simultaneously the flags and festoons and the portrait of Washington were illuminated.

After dinner the speech-making of the evening was introduced with the following remarks by the Toastmaster:

PRESIDENT BANCROFT: In this our seventeenth celebration of the anniversary of Washington's birth, I think that the traditions of the Union League Club have been maintained so far as the exercises of the day and night have progressed. As heretofore, our purpose has been single: to draw the attention of the present people and of the more potent future people —the youth of our public schools—to the meaning of patriotism and of republican institutions. This afternoon the best traditions of the Club were realized in the noble address, scholarly and patriotic, of our guest.

Many years ago Emerson said that great materialities were only to be overcome by great personalities.

We felt we were in the presence of a great personality, great in all the attributes of American manhood and statesmanship. . As we listened, we could not but recall the line of great men who have represented the commonwealth of Massachusetts in the Congress of the United States, a line which has suffered no diminution in its senior Senator. Gentlemen, I propose the health of the orator of the day.

The toast having been honored, Mr. Bancroft continued:

May he live to perform still further unselfish and courageous service not only for his constituency but for the people of the whole country.

Senator Hoar

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Union League Club: I feel as if I were a man deficient in frankness, keeping a guilty secret, when I listen without contradicting it, to such an introduction as the President has given me. I am touched by the kindly welcome, though if I were to tell you all I know about the person he has spoken of, I should be obliged to leave you in a sadly different frame of mind. A good old friend of mine was re-elected to the Senate some time ago, and welcomed by his Legislature. The gentleman who presented him said some of the things which your kind President has said about me. He began his reply by saying, "There is a Greek Maxim, 'Know thyself,' but there isn't any maxim that requires you to tell other folks all you know on that subject."

It has been my good fortune to visit Chicago several times, yet always when her people were in a very serious frame of mind, unless I except the time I came, not to Chicago, but to the World's Fair, to Aladdin's Palace in which there was no unfinished window. I have been here four times—three times when the great and solemn responsibility of nominating a candidate for the Presidency was occupying the mind of the people gathered here; and now today, when, on this great National anniversary, you are giving yourselves up to thinking of the character and quality of Washington. I do not know that there is any other Nation that has such National birthdays, such National holidays, given up wholly to the things that be of the spirit. Forefathers' Day, the Fourth of July, the Birthday of Washington, the Birthday of Lincoln—there is no other Nation on the globe that has such things to celebrate. While they are kept as you have kept this day and as you keep the other days that are like it, I do not think there is much danger that the American spirit will die out, or that the American Republic will degenerate.

I suppose everybody is a little inclined to attribute to

Washington the excellencies which he or she has been taught to think the highest in human character. Everybody who has formed a conception, not perhaps of what he himself is, but of what he ought to be, has attempted to clothe Washington with those attributes. I know of an excellent old lady who was not very well off in this world's goods who was asked what sort of a person she thought Washington to be, and she said, she thought he was a person who would be willing to lend a neighbor anything he had. My old friend, Professor Gallaudet, of the Deaf and Dumb College in Washington, told me some twelve or fifteen years ago, a very pathetic story which I think may be well applied to a great many gentlemen who have political crotchets or peculiar notions in their heads and who fancy that, of course, Washington would be on their side, if he were alive. He had a little boy in his institution between five and six years old, a little deaf and dumb fellow, very precocious, and the doctor liked very much to talk to him, and he liked to talk to Dr. Gallaudet. One day the doctor asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the hatchet. The little fellow said he did. "Well," said the doctor, "won't you tell me?" So he began to spell off on his fingers and when he came to the right place in the story, he said, "He took the hatchet in his left hand and he said to his father,"— The doctor interrupted him: "What did he take the hatchet in his left hand for," "Why, he wanted his right to tell him with."

But I suppose we shall have always to be defending the character, and the opinion, and the principles of Washington and Lincoln, and of the Fourth of July, and of the Forefathers' Day and the Declaration of Independence, against somebody who, under some temptation, will be ready to assail them. I mentioned this afternoon that a great paper had said that a man who would be in General Washington's company now would be in very bad company, because the counsel which he gave his countrymen when he was alive would be very bad for his countrymen now. And I see that my excellent friend, Mr. Root, Secretary of War,—if he be correctly reported—thinks something the same way about Abraham Lincoln.

He says that reconstruction and the achievements which followed the war have been a failure. I feel very kindly, indeed, toward Mr. Root. He is a good blade of tempered steel in the hands of any President whom he will faithfully serve. Mr. Root also comes from a good, honest old Concord stock. There was never yet anything bad came out of that Nazareth. But there are some things that some men can do and some things that they cannot, and I do not think the American people will ever employ Mr. Root, or give him at any rate a monopoly or a trust in the business, to do their thinking for them on questions of righteousness and liberty. I do not think that when he goes out of office he will get a place with any of the great morning papers to supply their readers with the latest news from the Philippine Islands. Mr. Root thinks that this series of events in which all of us who have reached an advanced age had something to do has been a failure in relation to the negro. Well, let us see. In the first place we have abolished slavery. They do not own the negro any more. He owns himself. They do not separate the negro's wife from him or his children from him any more. They do not whip women or sell little children. They do not prevent him from working where he pleases; they do not make it a crime to teach him to read the Bible. They cannot send his children to a distance from him without his consent. Well, is that a failure? We have had but forty years. It is only since the year 1848, a little over half a century, since a little body of men met on Worcester Common, on the 28th of June—I myself had the honor of being present—and founded the Republican party. Now, if there is one generation in this world's history, if nothing else has been done, that has done a better or a greater thing than that single thing, I should like to invite them or their defenders to show their title.

Now, there is another thing we have done in this time. Why, I should like to have those gentlemen who have never witnessed it, witness a Sunday in Washington, any Sunday afternoon. Let them go into the parts of the city where the negroes dwell, and see the order and the quiet, the men going to church with their wives and children by their side, or coming

home clothed decently and quietly, and ask him whether he thinks that is a failure. Then there is another thing. When the civil war began we had fifteen slave States and sixteen free States, if you count Kansas. We have now forty-five States and shall soon have three or four more. We won't be in too great a hurry about it. In three of the old fifteen Southern States, Maryland and Delaware and West Virginia, the political and constitutional rights of the negro are as safe and are as much respected as they are in Massachusetts. There are only eleven or twelve to account for, where the old race feeling prevails; against these there are 36 or 38 States where in all but three of them the spirit of Slavery never existed in their recent history. They were freeborn. They did not obtain their freedom with a great sum, as the older States did. The old slave spirit has got into a corner on this Continent in this fifty years, and whatever unfortunate things may happen occasionally now or may happen for a little while hereafter, the purpose and the power to settle this question justly and rightly, with a due regard to the interests of both races and of all races, exists and is secure. There isn't any failure about that. There is another thing, and that is the examples that the negro is showing of a capacity to be slowly developed, painfully, with many throes and with many difficulties, but surely. What man has done man may do. I do not go to my dear old college as often as I would like on Commencement day. But when I do go it is always to hear the wonderful story of what some bright, young colored boy has done at Harvard. There are like cases at Amherst. Young Bruce and Lewis and others have graduated with the first honors, and not a boy in the class knows or cares about any difference of color or of race in his treatment of them. They are sure of absolute justice and absolute respect and of absolute equality and absolute dignity such as belongs to manhood in its very best examples, without any distinction whatever by reason of complexion. Is that a failure? I should like to have my friend Mr. Root say. Is there any citizen of the South listened to more respectfully everywhere on the Continent, North or South, than Booker Washington? I am summing up the achievements of a short

half century. I cannot say *Magna pars fui,"* but I can say *"Omnia quae vidi."*

We cannot, of course, settle some questions that are left, by outside interference. I know how sensitive our Southern friends are on this matter of social equality and companionship, and I think I might say fairly and properly and that perhaps I have a right to say it—that it is not wise for the people of the North to undertake to deal rashly or even to judge hastily of a feeling so deeply implanted in their bosoms. They know something about it, and while any negro who is a gentleman will be welcome at my table, and as a guest in my house at any time, I will not attempt to thrust my judgment in this matter upon men who have been differently educated. Time, the great reconciler, will reconcile them to that if, in the nature of things and in the nature of man, they ought to be reconciled to it. And if, in the nature of things and in the nature of man, time does not reconcile them it will be a sign that they ought not to be reconciled to it, and that some other mode of life for them must be devised.

Now, my friends having said what I thought of to say on this question, perhaps I may be indulged in adding that although my life, politically and personally, has been a life of almost constant strife with the leaders of the Southern people, yet as I grow older I have learned not only to respect and esteem, but to love the great qualities which belong to my fellow-citizens of the Southern States. They are a noble race. We may well take pattern from them in some of the great virtues which make up the strength as they make the glory of free States. Their love of home; their chivalrous respect for women; their courage; their delicate sense of honor; their constancy which can abide by an opinion, or a purpose, or an interest for their States, through adversity, and through prosperity, through the years and through the generations, are things by which the people of the more mercurial North may take a lesson.

And there is another thing—covetousness, corruption, the low temptation of money has not yet found any place in our Southern politics. They have shown something of that temper, much of it, which Macaulay ascribes to the younger Pitt,

when he says that Pitt in a moment of temptation might have been tempted to ruin his country, but he never would have stooped to pilfer from her.

I think if I were to recall the men whom I have met and honored in public life, that I should name, prominent among them all, four Southern gentlemen, three of them who are dead, and one who, though living has retired from public life. I think the most delightful gentleman I ever knew in Washington, without an exception, was General Walthall, of Mississippi. Another most delightful gentleman was Judge Jackson of the Supreme Court of the United States; a man sweet and gentle and quiet, but as firm as a rock in what he regarded as his duty. And I pride myself a good deal that I had the great honor of inducing President Harrison, very much in the beginning to his discontent, to appoint Judge Jackson to his place on the Supreme Court of the United States.

But a man of larger genius than these, as he was a man or larger genius, perhaps, than any other man of his time with few exceptions, was the late Lucius Q. C. Lamar of Mississippi. Mr. Lamar understood the temper of the people among whom he was born and bred. He would stand by a Southerner whether a rebel or offender of any kind against any attempt to punish him by any Northerner who interfered. But at the same time Senator Lamar heartily and earnestly and passionately desired to bring about complete reconciliation between the sections of his country. There was never a more skilful or admirable stroke than that of his when he uttered in the height of the Southern feeling just after the war, his memorable eulogy upon Charles Sumner. That eulogy, coming from the lips that had just before pronounced the eulogy of John C. Calhoun, was one of the very greatest single instrumentalities in bringing about the reconciliation that now happily exists.

The fourth of these men whom I have in mind is still living, Ex-Senator Donaldson Caffery of Louisiana. He was one of the bravest men that ever lived. He swam out, it is said, nearly three miles with an explosive bomb to set it off under the sides of one of our men-of-war somewhere off the Louis-

iana coast. The machinery went wrong, fortunately for us —and he got back just alive. He never did a dishonest or a mean thing or had a dishonest or a mean thought. He used to stand there in the Senate, with his short and sturdy figure and deliver his opinion, no matter who might like it or dislike it. He stood up against free silver in Louisiana. He stood up against violence towards the negro, and he stood up equally against the tariff policies which I—and I suppose most of you—believe in. No matter what wind was blowing outside, there stood that brave, heroic, Southern gentleman uttering the truth as it seemed to him.

Now, my friends, we cannot afford to live, we don't wish to live, and we will not live in a state of estrangement from a people who possess these qualities. They are of our kindred; bone of our bone; flesh of our flesh; blood of our blood; and whatever may be the temporary error of any Southern State, I, for one, if I have a right to speak for Massachusetts, say to her, "Entreat me not to leave thee nor to return from following after thee. For where thou goest I will go and where thou stayest I will stay also. And thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

THE TOASTMASTER: In the spirit of these eloquent words of Senator Hoar, I take great pleasure in presenting to you the Right Reverend Thomas F. Gailor, Bishop of Tennessee, who will speak upon "National Self-Consciousness and National Responsibility."

RIGHT REVEREND THOMAS F. GAILOR

Bishop Gailor's Address

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen: It was my very earnest desire and sincere intention not to refer to-night in any way to the subject of the address of our venerable and most respected and honored Senator from Massachusetts; and yet it would seem that it would be impossible for me not to say about three words, under the inspiration of the most touching and noble utterance in these last words of his speech. Without them of course it would have been impossible for me to have said anything. At the same time I think that there are three considerations which we ought to bear in mind. In the first place, the negro race has no more earnest, honest, sincere friends in the world than the people who live in the Southern States. There is no section of any country where there are so many affectionate and loyal friendships existing between white and black as exist in those States. If, however, those people—my people—are still in doubt, first as to whether the negro race as a race is capable of independent progress on lines of culture, civilization and self-government, without the inspiration and contact of a superior race; if we are in doubt as to whether they have ever demonstrated any such capacity; if some of us think, for instance, that in our generation we are doing the best for these people, the very best thing that could be done for them by curbing, if possible, what is, in many minds, an insane ambition to rule and get the upper hand in politics, and by directing their attention to industrial pursuits, and to the cultivation of a self-reliant and useful character; if we think that way for our generation, after the very large experience we have had, that thought of ours at least deserves serious consideration. If we remember also that negroes of the full blood have not been conspicuous for their achievements in this country, and that it is the half blood which has attracted our attention; if we are offended sometimes at articles such as that which appeared in the October number of the Atlantic Monthly, and feel that it was not fair

that a magazine of high standing should put such an article in the fore front of its pages, in which the colored man who wrote it made the remark that if the white men in the South expected the negro permanently to be prevented from marrying white women they were making the mistake of driving the negro man to take advantage of white women in other ways; if we feel such statements as that and resent them as from those who do not understand the situation, certainly we might have just simply a little reasonable friendly sympathy. I am not defending Secretary Root, except so far as to say that no sane man in this country would deny the splendid results that have been accomplished. But that does not mean that the extreme partisan political theory of the era, which gave unrestricted political rights to the negro, has been fully justified or has established the fact that the whole mass of negroes, as a mass, are capable of the discharge of the full duties of citizenship. I understand that is what Secretary Root meant. Of course, he can defend himself, but it reminds me of what a negro friend of mine said to me the other day: "Bishop, the fact of the matter is," and I was reminded of this by a phrase that the Senator used, "up North, you know, they won't let us make no money, because they keep us out of the trades; but in the South they let us make the money, but they won't let us spend it. We cannot make it in the North, but they are willing for us to spend it up there. But we can make it in the South and they won't let us spend it down here." And as for results, as the Senator has described them, it reminds me of a little incident that was told by my friend, Mr. Packard, in Maryland. He said he had an acquaintance down on the Eastern shore whom he had not seen for years, and he met him one day and he said, "John, how are you getting on?" "I am getting on tolerable peart. I have had my ups and downs and my backwards and forwards. But I came out pretty well in the end." "Well, what have you been doing?" "Well," he said, "my old aunt left me some money, and I didn't know what to do with it and I got to reading the newspapers, and they said there were some good investments in these Colorado lands; so I went out and bought a farm in Colorado, and I fenced it in and stocked it with sheep." "That's good."

"No, that ain't so very good, because, you see, they had a drowth that year, and nothing grew, and the sheep nearly all starved to death." "Well, that is bad." "No, that ain't so very bad, because, you see, in going out there looking after that farm, I met up with a mighty likely girl, and I fell in love with her and courted her and married her." "That's good." "No, that in't so good, either. Because, you see, after I married her I found out she had the most villianous temper of anybody I ever saw in my life; she was like a wildcat." "Well, that's bad." "Well, no," he says, "that ain't so very bad, because, you see, she had a lot of money, and I got a hold of that money, and I built a fine house and put some nice furniture and pictures in it, and it was the finest house in this section of the country." "Well, that's good." "Well, no, that ain't so very good, because, you see, we hadn't more than got living in the house before it took fire one night, and I didn't carry any insurance, and it burnt down." "Well, that's bad." "Well, no, that ain't so very bad, because, you see, the confounded woman burnt up with it." So there is always something to be thankful for. Now, I am quite sure that this subject that has been assigned to me is a very great subject, and I am quite unable to treat it adequately in the course of an informal talk like this and yet it seems to me on an occasion like the present there is no subject more interesting or more fascinating than the history of our country, and that history it seems to me above all else, is the record of the development of National self-consciousness with the corresponding increase of the sense of National responsibility. A great Nation, after all, is like an individual person, and the realization of itself by itself—of its life, its duty and its destiny—is a thing of gradual growth. Our government is the result undoubtedly of an evolution. It illustrates that evolution when I can say that the United States to-day furnishes the easiest and the clearest record to any student of the gradual consolidation of a free people into a personal nationality in a free government. George Washington in his time would have said and always did say "the United States *are* an example." I remember reading a volume of his letters just a short while ago and I was impressed very much by the way in which Mr. Washington used

the plural verb when he spoke of the United States. But in 1703 the emphasis was upon the States. In 1903 the emphasis is upon the *union*. It indicates the growth of our National personal self-consciousness.

Now, the thing that strikes the student in the record of this change that has come over our habit of thought and speech is the impossibility at any epoch in our history of predicting with any certainty the result of policies. The history of this country has been the despair of political philosophers and of theoretical prognosticators. When to day, for instance, we read Elliott's debates and study the objections of the opponents to the draft constitution of 1787, or when we ponder those words of Mr. Alexander Hamilton, that great and true patriot, when he said that this constitution is a "frail and worthless fabric," we can only smile at their forebodings. The very elements which seemed to them to be elements of weakness have in many instances proved to be actually elements of strength. What man of note, for instance, in 1803 would have admitted the righteousness and the safety of committing this government to the guidance and the control honestly of the will of the common people, and yet what man is there in 1903 who has not been taught by the history of these 100 years that in the long run—it may be a very long run—but in the long run, there is no more stable basis for political rectitude and political safety than the simple, honest common sense of the masses of our American citizens. Is it not significant, is it not prophetic, that the two men who, since Washington and Marshall, have done more than any two men perhaps to direct the policy of this country, and to shape the government, have been men, who were not college graduates, who were not professional statesmen, but who were plain men of plain people —Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln. I tell you, that, to the true patriot who recognizes the fact that the will of this people in the last analysis is the true basis of government—it is a matter of encouragement and hope for us to remember that the common people in every epoch of this country's history have done their duty, and have seen the right as they have been instructed, and that the country itself has disappointed all these men that have prophesied failure. For the omens of De

Tosqueville and the doubts of Hamilton have both been discredited. When, therefore, a writer of our political history from a neighboring monarchy ventures to make light of the war of the revolution and say it was a small thing, and to detract from the fame of some of our American heroes, we can afford to be silent, as we point to a people, who after all, through much tribulation, have demonstrated, I believe, a wise and patient and enlightened judgment in the conduct of public affairs. In the same way the civil war to these political philosophers seemed to sound the death knell of the Republic. Personally, I am not convinced that even if the confederacy had succeeded there would have been a permanent separation lasting through generations on this Continent. There were too many men in the South like Alexander H. Stephens, whose hearts were wedded to the union, for any portion of this country under the control of our Anglo-Saxon people, to have degenerated into the condition of the South American Republics. But as we look back through forty years upon that great struggle we must be impressed by the fact that it was a terrible and almost inexplicable conflict of misconception and misunderstanding. When Stephens in 1861—as true and generous a patriot as this country ever had—declared that the war of aggression for the purpose of coercing the seceding States meant to his mind the violation of the constitution and the rule of anarchy, he said what he believed honestly to be true. And from his point of view he was right; and the men that followed him were true patriots, because they shed their blood not for self-interest, but for what at least they believed to be in their generation their duty and their liberties. On the other hand, the men who recognized in that struggle that the whole fate not only of the Nation, but of the very Republic itself, depended upon the issue, and gave their lives unselfishly to prove it, those men were patriots and deserving of everlasting honor from posterity. But when a man whose mind is built on a three by four plan, like the squares of a checkerboard, tells me it was impossible that both should be right, I say to him it was not impossible; and that it was not the first time in the history of a people that good men saw opposite sides of the same shield or that the new birth of a great Nation

was brought about by the conflict of honest, but diverse opinions, heroically and unselfishly defended.

To us in the South to-day that civil war seems to be a stage in the evolution of the Nation, and we welcome all its results. The highest patriotism, however, does not compel a man to see in every detail of that process the actual interference of the divine power and will. It is sufficient for us to know that God makes the wrath of man to praise him, and that out of the hot furnace of that affliction he forged a Nation, in which the mutual respect and honor of section toward section has toughened the fibre of loyalty in all its citizens and made fine steel out of common iron. But my contention is that at every point the prophets of failure have been mistaken, and that this country's inconsistent inconsistencies have been the despair of that class of minds which are always trying to weigh men's enthusiasm in a steel balance and to measure the rainbow with a foot rule.

Gentlemen, this Republic is the greatest combination that the world has yet seen. And if every individual man, and if every generation of voters do their duty with mutual respect and good will as God gives it to them to see it in their time, we need not fear for the results; only let us remember that we are more successful in interpreting history than in forecasting it. And that the Nation is greater than we are, greater than our theories, greater than any section, greater than any class, and that the Nation will be here, and will increase in honor and glory, when our philosophies have been forgotten and we are in the dust. The only danger we have to fear to-day is that some particular section of our people shall become so wedded to their own conclusions as to how we ought to grow and what liberty really involves that they shall attempt to set up new standards of patriotism, and sit in judgment on their fellow-citizens.

I might quote the distinguished author of the "Winning of the West," who is now the President of the United States, with approval (and I hope that I shall be forgiven by all those who come from that section of the country), when I use his language, as he says, that "New England has always been weak in historical perspective when it has tried to predict the

future of our country." This government of ours reaches over a vast geographical area. It covers a vast variety of population and every section has its own peculiar problems. One section with which I am familiar, a section made up of people who represent pure and almost unadulterated descent from revolutionary ancestry, have their own peculiar burdens which they are trying to carry with the measure of wisdom that God has granted them for their generation. They are trying to do their duty, as God gives it to them to see their duty, with the experience they have had, for the very best interests of all concerned. They do not attempt to forecast the future; they do not attempt to set up any barriers for succeeding generations; they leave the future in God's hands, and they say it may safely be left there; but they do ask for a friendly judgment and consideration, and that men of one idea, who deal in abstractions and live on abstractions, and make no allowance for peculiar conditions, shall not be able to prejudice the public mind against their neighbors, who happen to differ from them as to matters of local policy. And yet I know that that is the temptation of all people in a government like ours. You know, for example, that a democracy has its weakness and its strength, and its strength and its weakness are in its tendency to develop the individual character, and, as far as the quality of its individual citizenship is concerned, the United States can face the world to-day and not be ashamed. But the danger of individualism is that it exalts the mere active, strenuous, eager life; it encourages the assertion and self-laudation of the merely commonplace and superficial. Whereas the great deeps of life, my friends, are not stirred by excitement, they are not swept by noisy passion and parade, and what we Americans need is a glimpse of the eternal silence, where duty and not rights, ends and not means, are the objects of life and thought. Therefore, I welcome the power which has thrown us in spite of ourselves, and almost without our knowledge, out yonder into the open, where we have got to answer the question which God Almighty sooner or later asks every Nation, "What have you got to give? What have you that is worth giving, for the common benefit, for the common blessing of mankind?" I rejoice in it, I say, because,

however it may have been begun, whatever may be the political feeling in regard to it. I feel that it is the promise and prophecy of that new patriotism, that patriotism in its "eternal and divine form" which goes out beyond the limits of any section, beyond the limits of any country and becomes a vision of hopefulness for all mankind.

In one thing to-night certainly we all agree, to one inspiration we can all yield our minds and our hearts, and that is the greatness and beneficence of this Nation, as a power for good, not only to ourselves and to our children, but to all the world. As George Washington said in one of the last letters he ever wrote "Our happiness as citizens of this country will never be complete until we extend it somehow to other people." But the Nation is self-conscious to-day as never before, because great new responsibilities have compelled the vigorous assertion of personal life, and are slowly but surely revealing to us all and to the Nation, that altruism, the unselfish thought of others not ourselves, is God's plan and God's law of true happiness and true prosperity, for peoples as well as for individuals. I tell you, in the presence of the great class and industrial problems that loom up before us, it is this spirit that we need to cultivate, because it is going to be in the dominion of the gospel of love and not hate, of interest and not indifference, of sympathy and not contempt, that we are going to solve the great questions of the future of this country.

Like Rome, we have had our wars that have built up the present Nation and made the ascendancy of the Republic. Like Rome, too, perhaps, we are threatened by the domination of a class called noble, whose title to nobility is based upon material wealth and not upon service to their country, who represent the power of material resources, and not of principle. But we may escape Rome's failure and Rome's judgment, if the new obligations of service to mankind, given us by God, shall be accepted and discharged in the spirit of justice to ourselves and to other men, sweetened by love and smypathy, and if we stand together as brethren in mutual confidence and mutual good will, section by section, fixed in our devotion and loyalty to this Nation, to this country, in the sacred bonds

of our history and of our race, pledged to meet every question and every problem fairly and honestly; with love, with free thought, and free speech, trying ever to be faithful to that eternal God who is our refuge, and underneath the Everlasting Arms.

THE TOASTMASTER: It was a happy coincidence that in 1869 when Massachusetts sent George F. Hoar to the Congress of the United States, Harvard University chose a new President, outside the ranks of the ministry. From that day there began, not merely a new era in the record of Harvard, but a new era in the history of education, not only in America but in England as well. When Lowell, in that splendid Harvard Anniversary oration, said that his *alma mater* would continue to make a gentleman of every youth sent there—not a conventional gentleman, but a man of public spirit, of culture, of intellectual resource, "a man of refinement, with that good taste which is the conscience of the mind, and with that conscience which is the good taste of the soul," he knew the President upon whom the training of those students depended, and to whom they would look not only for precept but for example. Gentlemen, I have great pleasure in presenting President Eliot, who will speak to us of "Washington's Time and Our Time; Contrasts and Resemblances."

DR. CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

Dr. Charles William Eliot

The Right Reverend speaker who has just addressed you, gentlemen, indicated some doubt as to whether New England has perspective enough to give a just prophecy concerning the future of our country. I think New England has pretty thoroughly accepted Lowell's advice about prophecy—"Don't never prophesy unless you know." But those who listened to the oration of the afternoon, I am sure, made up their minds that one New Englander at least had perspective enough to set before us a just estimate of the character and services of Washington; and I recall that the delegates from Massachusetts in the Continental Congress of 1775, had perspective enough to vote unanimously for George Washington, the Virginian, as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army. The orator of the day gave us clearly to understand that the virtues of Washington were of two kinds, the splendid and the homely; and knowing that Senator Hoar must from very nature of the case set before you in the afternoon his grander qualities, I felt safe in adopting, for my part, some consideration of Washington as a man of homely virtues, giving our far-removed generation a homely example.

The first contrast to which I invite your attention is the contrast between the early age at which Washington began to profit by the discipline of real life and the late age at which our educated young men exchange study under masters, and seclusion in institutions of learning, for personal adventure and responsibility out in the world. Washington was a public surveyor at 16 years of age. He could not spell well; but he could make a correct survey, keep a good journal, and endure the hardships to which a surveyor in the Virginia wilderness was inevitably exposed. Our expectation of good service and hard work from boys of 16, not to speak of young men of 26, is very low. I have heard it maintained in

a learned college faculty that young men who were on the average 19 years of age, were not fit to begin the study of economics or philosophy, even under the guidance of skilful teachers, and that no young man could nowadays begin the practice of a profession to advantage before he was 26 or 27 years old. Now, Washington was at 21 the Governor of Virginia's messenger to the French forts beyond the Alleghenies. He was already an accomplished woodman, an astute negotiator with savages and the French, and the cautious yet daring leader of a company of raw, insubordinate frontiersmen, who were to advance 500 miles into a wilderness with nothing but an Indian trail to follow. . In 1755, at 23 years of age, 20 years before the Revolutionary War broke out, he was a skilful and experienced fighter, and a colonel in the Virginia service. What a contrast to our college undergraduates of to-day, who, at 22 years of age are still getting their bodily vigor through sports and not through real work, and who seldom seem to realize that, just as soon as they have acquired the use of the intellectual tools and stock with which a livelihood is to be earned in business or in the professions, the training of active life is immeasurably better than the training of the schools. Yet Washington never showed at any age the least spark of genius; he was only "sober, sensible, honest, and brave," as he said of Major-General Lincoln in 1791.

By inheritance and by marriage Washington became, while he was still young, one of the richest men in the country; but what a contrast between his sort of riches and our sorts! He was a planter and sportsman—a country gentleman. All his home days were spent in looking after his farms; in breeding various kinds of domestic animals; in fishing for profit; in attending to the diseases and accidents which befall livestock, including slaves; in erecting buildings, and repairing them; in caring for or improving his mills, barns, farm implements, and tools. He always lived very close to nature, and from his boyhood studied the weather, the markets, his crops and woods, and the various qualities of his lands. He was an economical husbandman, attending to all the details of the management of his large estates. He was constantly on

horseback, often riding 15 miles on his daily rounds. At 67 years of age he caught the cold which killed him by getting wet on horseback, riding as usual about his farms.

Compare this sort of life, physical and mental, with the life of the ordinary rich American of to-day, who has made his money in stocks and bonds, or as a banker, or broker, or trader, or in the management of great transportation or industrial concerns. This modern rich man, in all probability, has nothing whatever to do with nature or with country life. He is soft and tender in body; lives in the city; takes no vigorous exercise, and has very little personal contact with the elemental forces of either nature or mankind. He is not like Washington an out-of-door man. Washington was a combination of land-owner, magistrate, and soldier,—the best combination for a leader of men which the feudal system produced. Our modern rich man is apt to possess no one of these functions, any one of which, well discharged, has in times past commanded the habitual respect of mankind. It is a grave misfortune for our country, and especially for our rich men, that the modern forms of property,—namely, stocks and bonds, mortgages, and city buildings—do not carry with them any inevitable responsibilities to the state, or involve their owner in personal risks and charges as a leader or commander of the people. The most enviable rich man to-day is the intelligent industrial or commercial adventurer or promoter, in the good sense of those terms. He takes risks and assumes burdens on a large scale, and has a chance to develop will, mind, and character, just as Queen Elizabeth's adventures did all over the then known world.

Again, Washington, as I have already indicated, was an economical person, careful about little expenditures as well as great, averse to borrowing money, and utterly impatient of waste. If a slave were hopelessly ill, he did not call a doctor, because it would be a useless expenditure. He insisted that the sewing woman, Carolina, who had only made five shirts in a week, not being sick, should make nine. He entered in his account "thread and needle, one penny," and used said thread and needle himself. All this closeness and contempt for shiftlessness and prodigality were perfectly consistent with

a large and hospitable way of living; for during many years of his life he kept open house at Mt. Vernon. This frugal and prudent man knew exactly what it meant to devote his "life and fortune to the cause we are engaged in, if needful," as he wrote in 1774. This was not an exaggerated or emotional phrase. It was moderate, but it meant business. He risked his whole fortune. What he lost through his service in the Revolutionary War is clearly stated in a letter written from Mt. Vernon in 1784: "I made no money from my estate during the nine years I was absent from it, and brought none home with me. Those who owed me, for the most part, took advantage of the depreciation, and paid me off with sixpence in the pound. Those to whom I was indebted, I have yet to pay, without other means, if they will wait, than selling part of my estate, or distressing those who were too honest to take advantage of the tender laws to quit scores with me." Should we not all be glad if to-day a hundred or two multi-millionaires could give such an account as that of their losses incurred in the public service, even if they had not, like Washington, risked their lives as well? In our times we have come to think that a rich man should not be frugal or economical, but rather wasteful or extravagant. We have even been asked to believe that a cheap coat makes a cheap man. If there were a fixed relation between a man's character and the price of his clothes, what improvement we should have seen in the national character since 1893! At Harvard University, 1,200 students take three meals a day in the great dining room of Memorial Hall, and manage the business themselves through an elected President and Board of Directors. These officers proscribe stews, apparently because it is a form in which cheap meat may be offered them, neglecting the more important fact that the stew is the most nutritious and digestible form in which meats can be eaten. Mr. Edward Atkinson, the economist, invented an oven in which various kinds of foods may be cheaply and well prepared with a minimum of attention to the process. The workingmen, among whom he attempted to introduce it, took no interest in it whatever, because it was recommended to them as a cheap way of preparing inexpensive though excellent foods. This modern temper affords a most

striking contrast to the practices and sentiments of Washington, sentiments and practices which underlay his whole public life as well as his private life.

If he were alive to-day, would he not be bewildered by much of our talk about the rights of men and animals? Washington's mind dwelt very little on rights and very much on duties. For him, patriotism was a duty; good citizenship was a duty; and for the masses of mankind it was a duty to clear away the forest, till the ground, and plant fruit trees, just as he prescribed to the hoped-for tenants on his Ohio and Kanawha lands. For men and women in general he thought it a duty to increase and multiply, and to make the wilderness glad with rustling crops, lowing herds, and children's voices. When he retired from the Presidency, he expressed the hope that he might "make and sell a little flour annually." For the first soldier and first statesman of his country, surely this was a modest anticipation of continued usefulness. We think more about our rights than about our duties. He thought more about his duties than about his rights. Posterity has given him first place because of the way in which he conceived and performed his duties; it will judge the leaders of the present generation by the same standard, whatever their theories about human rights.

Having said thus much about contrasts, let me now turn to some interesting resemblances between Washington's times and our own. We may notice in the first place the permanency of the fighting quality in the English-American stock. Washington was all his life a fighter. The entire American people is to-day a fighting people, prone to resort to force and prompt to take arms, the different sections of the population differing chiefly in regard to the nature and amount of the provocation which will move them to violence and combat. To this day nothing moves the admiration of the people so quickly as composure, ingenuity, and success in fighting; so that even in political contests all the terms and similies are drawn from war, and among American sports the most popular have in them a large element of combat. Washington was roused and stimulated by the dangers of the battlefield, and utterly despised cowards,

or even men who ran away in battle from a momentary terror which they did not habitually manifest. His early experience taught him, however, that the Indian way of fighting in woods or on broken ground was the most effective way; and he did not hesitate to adopt and advocate that despised mode of fighting, which has now, 150 years later, become the only possible mode. The Indian in battle took instantly to cover, if he could find it. In our civil war both sides learned to throw up breastworks wherever they expected an engagement to take place; and the English in South Africa have demonstrated that the only possible way to fight with the present long range, quick-firing guns is the way in which the "treacherous devils," as Washington called the Indians, fought General Braddock, that is, with strategem, surprise, and ambuscade; with hiding and crawling behind screens and obstacles, with the least possible appearance in open view, with nothing that can glitter on either arms or clothes, and with no visible distinction between officers and men. War is now a genuinely Indian performance, just as Washington saw 150 years ago that it ought to be.

The silent Washington's antipathy to the press finds an exact parallel in our own day. He called the writers of the press "infamous scribblers." President Cleveland called them "ghouls." But it must be confessed that the newspapers of Washington's time surpassed those of the present day in violence of language, and in lack of prophetic insight and just appreciation of men and events. When Washington retired from the Presidency the "Aurora" said, "If ever a Nation was debauched by a man, the American Nation has been debauched by Washington."

Some of the weaknesses or errors of the Congresses of Washington's time have been repeated in our own day, and seem as natural to us as they doubtless seemed to the men of 1776 and 1796. Thus, the Continental Congress incurred all the evils of a depreciated currency with the same blindness which afflicted the Congress of the Southern Confederacy and the Union Congress during the civil war, or the Democrat-Populist party of still more recent times. The refusal of the Congress of 1777, to carry out the agreement made

with the Hessian prisoners at Saratoga, reminds one of the refusal of Congress, in spite of the public exhortations of our present Executive, and his cabinet, to carry out the understanding with Cuba in regard to the commercial relations of the island with the United States. In both cases the honor of the country was tarnished.

The intensity of party spirit in Washington's time closely resembles that of our own day, but was certainly fiercer than it is now, the reason being that the questions at issue were absolutely fundamental. When the question was whether the constitution of the United States was a sure defense for freedom, or a trap to ensnare an unsuspecting people, intensity of feeling on both sides was well nigh inevitable. During Washington's two administrations a considerable number of the most eminent American publicists feared that dangerous autocratic powers had been conferred on the President by the constitution. Washington held that there was no ground for these fears, and acted as if the supposition was absurd. When the question was whether we should love and adhere to revolutionary France, or rather become partisans of Great Britain—the power from which we had just won independence—it is no wonder that political passions burnt fiercely. On this question Washington stood between the opposing parties, and often commended himself to neither. In spite of the tremendous partisan heat of the times, Washington, through both his administrations, made appointments to public office from both parties indifferently. He appointed some well-known Tories and many Democrats. He insisted only on fitness as regards character, ability, and experience, and preferred persons, of whatever party, who had already proved their capacity in business or the professions, or in legislative or administrative offices. It is a striking fact that Washington is the only one of the Presidents of the United States who has, as a rule, acted on these principles. His example was not followed by his early successors, or by any of the more recent occupants of the Presidency. His successors, elected by a party, have not seen their way to make appointments without regard to party connections. The Civil Service Reform agitation of the last 25 years is nothing but an effort to return, in regard to the

humbler national offices, to the practice of President Washington.

In spite of these resemblances between Washington's time and our own, the profound contrasts make the resemblances seem unimportant. In the first years of the Government of the United States there was widespread and genuine apprehension lest the executive should develop too much power, and lest the centralization of the Government should become overwhelming. Nothing can be farther from our political thoughts to-day than this dread of the power of the national eexcutive. On the contrary, we are constantly finding that it is feeble where we wish it were strong, impotent where we wish it omnipotent. The Senate of the United States has deprived the President of much of the power intended for his office, and has then found it, on the whole, convenient and desirable to allow itself to be held up by any one of its members who possesses the bodily strength and the assurance to talk or read aloud by the week. Other forces have developed within the republic quite outside of the government, which seem to us to override and almost defy the closely limited governmental forces. Quite lately we have seen two of these new forces—one a combination of capitalists, the other a combination of laborers—put the President of the United States into the position of a mediator between two parties whom he could not control, and with whom he must intercede. This is part of the tremendous nineteenth century democratic revolution, and of the newly acquired facilities for combination and association for the promotion of common interests. We no longer dread abuse of the power of state or church; we do dread abuse of the powers of compact bodies of men, highly organized, and consenting to be despotically ruled for the advancement of their selfish interests.

Washington was a stern disciplinarian in war; if he could not shoot deserters he wanted them "stoutly whipped." He thought that army officers should be of a different class from their men, and should never put themselves on an equality with their men; he went himself to suppress the Whiskey Rebellion in 1794, and always believed that firm government was essential to freedom. He never could have imagined for

a moment the toleration of disorder and violence which is now exhibited everywhere in our country when a serious strike occurs. He was the chief actor through the long struggles, military and civil, which attended the birth of this nation, and took the gravest responsibilities which could then fall to the lot of soldiers or statesmen; but he never encountered, and indeed never imagined, the anxieties and dangers which now beset the republic of which he was the founder. We face new difficulties. Shall we face them with Washington's courage, wisdom, and success?

Finally, I ask your attention to the striking contrast between the wealth of Washington and the poverty of Abraham Lincoln, the only one of the succeeding Presidents who won anything like the place in the popular heart that Washington has always occupied. Washington while still young was one of the richest men in the country; Lincoln, while young, was one of the poorest; both rendered supreme service to their country and to freedom; between these two extremes men of many degrees as regards property holding have occupied the Presidency, the majority of them being men of moderate means. The lesson to be drawn from these facts seems to be that the Republic can be greatly served by rich and poor alike, but has oftenest been served creditably by men who were neither rich nor poor. In the midst of the present conflicts between employers and employed, between the classes that are already well to do and the classes who believe it to be the fault of the existing order that they too are not well to do, and in plain sight of the fact that democratic freedom permits the creation and perpetuation of greater differences as regards possessions than the world has ever known before, it is comforting to remember that true patriots and wise men are bred in all the social levels of a free commonwealth, and that the Republic may find in any condition of life safe leaders and just rulers.

The Toastmaster: It was said of Burke that the quality of his oratory was due to the fact that he read history with his imagination. Our poet-preacher, teacher, and lover of his kind, has, with all his other talents, imagination.

"For in *his* veins some Orient blood is red,
And through *his* thought are lotus blossoms blown."

I introduce Doctor Frank W. Gunsaulus, who will speak on "Three Characteristic Men."

Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus

I think, Mr. President, that we are all agreed in our happiness that Massachusetts is so much in evidence on this commemorative occasion. Boston once honored Chicago in holding a series of mortgages on our city which took something more than cash to entirely remove. You, sir, have been chosen our President for this year solely because your wife is a Massachusetts woman. Our Chaplain here, born in Illinois and peculiarly gifted with the breeziness of the West, has turned toward the consummation of his work and is foresworn to obtain coronation for his abilities already distinguished in the pulpit in Massachusetts. Our eminent guest from the South, the eloquent prelate who honors us with his presence here to-night, would be the last to refuse the tribute of gratitude from the land of the cavalier that Washington, the son of the cavalier, found the significance of his sword under the elm at Cambridge in Massachusetts. "Virginia gave us this imperial man," and

> "Never to see a Nation born
> Hath been given to mortal man,
> Unless to those who on that summit morn
> Gazed silent when the great Virginian
> Unsheathed his sword whose fatal flash
> Shot union into the incoherent clash
> Of our loose atoms, crystalizing them
> Around a single will's unpliant stem
> And making purpose of emotion rash."

The illustrious men, the Senator from Massachusetts, and the educator who has made a Massachusetts College one of the foremost universities of the world, here agree that Chicago's preception of the value of George Washington is obtained from that point of view inevitably occupied by the Yankee. We are accused out here of a certain vastness of expression for opulent or penurious thinking; but, if the

tradition is true, it was one of the most ingrained Yankees of Yankeedom who taught us so to think and so to speak. At that famous dinner where Benjamin Franklin was present some one said: "Here are three nationalities represented. I am French, my friend is English and Mr. Franklin is American. Let each propose a toast." The Englishman arose and in the tone of a Briton bold said: "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to the nations of the earth." The Frenchman was rather taken back at this, but he proposed: "Here's to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world." Franklin then rose and with an air of quaint modesty said: "Here's to George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still—and they stood still."

It is well nigh impossible to admit that fact that the Puritan Revolution in England under Charles I crossed the sea, and, after a century and a half, became the American Revolution under George III, without seeing that in some measure at least, Oliver Cromwell and George Washington may each be studied profitably in the presence of the other. It is interesting to believe in an unfounded legend that we might have had him in New England, had the Great Remonstrance in old England failed. Certain it is, however, that his problem with the King was ours with parliament. Edmund Burke saw it, when he said, in 1774, "The feelings of the Colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Britain. Theirs were formerly the feelings of Mr. Hampden when called upon for the payment of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No, but the payment of half twenty shillings on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave." Cromwell's accredited student calls him "the most English of Englishmen." Our serious study in the light of events has shown us Washington "the most American of Americans." Those one hundred and fifty years between the hour when Hampden refused to pay the ship money and that when the chests of tea were emptied into Boston harbor had been years in which the new growth out of Anglicism, beginning a definite sort of intellectual independence in 1620, developed its own qualities amidst new and quickening atmos-

pheres, and in 1775, Americanism, though unforgetful of the English root out of which it sprang, was conscious of its own definite being; and as the Anglicism of 1656 had its Cromwell the Americanism of 1787 had its Washington. In the fierce light that beats about their thrones in these critical moments they stand. If Cromwell had learned the vision within and the vision without, on the grazing farm in St. Ives, Washington knew them in the large and serene beauties of Mt. Vernon. When each man was called from vision to action, Cromwell found in a Charles I what Washington met in George III. If Charles had grown arrogant at Whitehall over the royal prerogative, the parliament of George III had made an unreasoning conceit its disease at Westminster.

If the counsel of Edward Hampden argued from the Great Charter, so did Samuel Adams and John Hancock. If Charles' secret correspondence proved this willingness to make any agency serve his desperate cause, the court of George III exhausted the resources of evil machination to defeat the colonists. With each, the principles involved knew no persons or association. If Charles I and Oliver had played together at Hinchinbrook, Washington had surveyed the territory for a British Lord and for England, and had fought against the land which was to give him and his copatriots LaFayette. Both had stood with ideas, without artillery to give them defense or armies to give them victory, and if Cromwell with sharp untuneable voice, had made Sir Philip Warwick to lose his reverence for the "Long Parliament," Washington had helped to mould the nascent civilzation of Virginia and had borne for the governor an important part in the attempted settlement with France. If Cromwell wore his sword in the Long Parliament "stuck close by his side," Washington's musket was ever in reach. If behind the sword of Cromwell, there were passions, which, burning brightly and intensely, fused the fanatics into the Ironsides, behind Washington's musket were those which would fuse the disassociated sentiments of a wide continent into a single power whose glow should flash across the sea from the elm of Cambridge to the Court of the King. If Cromwell subscribed self-sacrificingly when he left his home for the service of the commonwealth, Washington saw, as he

said, and acted upon his dolorous conviction that "the once happy and powerful vales of America were either to be drenched in blood or to be inhabited by slaves."

We follow them to the field. In each army, conscience sits like an angel upon the standards of the revolutionists. If Cromwell said that "they must make some Conscience of what they did," Washington demonstrated the assertion that he had no faith in an army which he had did not clothe itself in righteousness. Each knew that spiritual power alone is supreme. If Cromwell had said that "a few honest men are better than numbers, "Washington had been willing to trust that truth in leading the thin line of American hope and honor against the mighty hosts of England. If Cromwell at Gainsborough, with tired cavalry, held the fresh troops of the enemy so that in the retreat not a man was lost, Washington forced his way through the ice and flood of the Delaware, and saw his great enemy retreat to Princeton. If Cromwell's chivalry in 1656 would not allow the Dutch ambassadors to kiss his hand, but bowed himself instead, that of Washington acceded to the rank of Braddock and tolerated no false pride in transforming defeat into victory. Still, in a peculiar sense, the power, the courage, the faith, the victory of Cromwell were English; those of Washington were American.

At the close of the revolution in England, so nearly had Cromwell come to embodying the English ideal and spirit, that the young Charles made it impossible for him to decline the august rule; so truly had Washington incarnated Americanism that he had never taken a sceptre of influence which he might not yield to the people. Through the revolution of England, and after, Cromwell was imperious, authoritative, absolute; through that of America, and after, Washington was gentle, commanding, nevertheless republican.

The character of Cromwell reflects more of the Old Testament; that of Washington, more of the New. Cromwell listened to Dr. Owen and others, vindicating with reasons taken from the wars of Joshua his war on Spain; Washington took the communion bread and wine, in a church not his own, thus making memorial of a scene where, before one cross, all men were made equal. Cromwell gave to each member of the

deputation from Parliament "two Scotch men" as slaves; Washington's great soul had no higher hopes than the abolition of slavery. Cromwell conquered a weak despotism and builded a stronger on its ruins; Washington curbed the ambition of despotism and lifted a republic into life where that despotism stood, armed and intolerant. Cromwell preached more truth than he trusted; Washington trusted more truth than he preached. In the soul of Cromwell, quoting for the most part from the Psalms and from the campaigns of the Old Testament, there was no place for the republicanism of Ludlow and Sir Harry Vane; in the soul of Washington, who had loved from Sinai to Calvary, rang again the lofty music of Samuel Adams' eloquence, in which the soul of Vane seemed again to walk the street of Boston. It was impossible for Cromwell to so escape his Anglicism as to trust truth absolutely, and above the baptismal record of the Protector are written the words, "England's pest for five years." It was impossible for Washington to escape the Americanism of the vision within and that without, and over his we write, "The Father of his Country." Nothing can outshine the glory of Washington at Newburg. Each refused a kingdom greater than any other. Cromwell hesitated through many days. Washington sprang upon the ghost of despotism, and it vanished from the land he had saved. Heroic, sublime, were both. In the fierce criticism by honored men in their own armies; yet Cromwell was strong often because to him might made right; Washington always because right made might. So deep was the great truth for which each stood that near the spot where Cotton wrote his sympathy to Cromwell, Washington, after a century transformed Cromwell's failure to win supremacy for Puritanism into triumph.

England has her Cromwell, America her Washington. France, thus far, has produced no such figure as her Napoleon. In the solitude of exile, from the deep shadow of St. Helena, there came the voice of Napoleon, ambitious in defeat and death, summoning the name of Washington into comparison with his own. "All that I was allowed to be," said the exile, "was a crowned Washington." The glory of his hundred battles had been quenched in furious defeat at Waterloo, but

the restless giant whose touch had shattered the policies of the Orient sought to explain himself in the atmosphere of this serene soul. It was midnight, proud of its ebony gloom, asking an honor from the rising sun. In this contrast, how sublime is the Americanism of Washington. How surely this imperial spirit moves away from the Cæsars of Rome and the Bonapartes of France. "Washington is dead," said Napoleon to the consular guard, at the moment when he was about to dazzle the eyes of Paris and bewilder France with a spectacle; "Washington is dead, that great man who fought against tyranny and consolidated his country in freedom. His memory will always be dear to Frenchmen and to all freedom in both worlds, but especially to the French soldiers, who, like him and the American soldiers, have contended for liberty and equality." The black crape which Napoleon suspended for ten days from the battle-standards of France, meant the death of national freedom much more than solemn honor for the deathless American. Never was the truth of history so dragged at the chariot wheels of superficial oratory as when the orator of the day scattered flowers of the same hue and fragrance upon George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte.

The revolution in France was a giant sceptre before it took the features of Napoleon. The revolution in America was an infant when it sprang into the personality of Washington. The revolution in France had behind it the overthrown laws, the wrecked traditions, the despised religion, the ruined virtue, powers whose defeat had marked an hour when the vision of France was full of passion and red with blood; the revolution of America had behind it the intelligent triumph of the Pilgrims, and the resolute virtue of the Puritan, and the courage which conceived itself able to execute that gospel of statesmanship. For the one stood Napoleon; for the other, Washington. If, from the first, the garments of the Corsican captain had the odor of the battlefield, it came from such fields as marked the triumph of Alexander or Cæsar; if, from the first, the eyes of the Virginia Colonel seemed to flash forth the suggestion of the past, it gave those of battlefields whose chief actors were William of

Nassau and Oliver Cromwell. Always the difference of the standards lay in the cross of Christ. Behind the Napoleon of Marengo was the doctrine: "Might is right;" behind Washington, when his immortal voice sounded yonder, there was the doctrine, "Right is might." The French Emperor in his youth had known the Reign of Terror; the American General knew the reign of order instead. In after years, no law was sacred to the Corsican; nothing was so sacred as law to the Virginian. Napoleon, beginning a Jacobin and dying an autocrat, was the crafty transformer of political conviction and accepted rule; Washington, a young surveyor, saw in the silences of the forest that which glittered on the edge of his wood yonder at Cambridge, and hung like a heavenly vision in the tears of gratitude at Yorktown. At the brink of his grave at St. Helena Napoleon wrote to Joseph, "I want a family of kings." In the peaceful life at Mount Vernon, Washington beheld a republic where every family was royal. In the failure of Napoleon's conception, you behold a heartbroken conqueror conquered at last, dragged away, with memories of woe and of a nationality besotted with gore, to die on that lonely rock; after the achievement of Washington, we hear the lofty strains of the true Americanism saying, as he goes to Mount Vernon, "I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat in which I promise myself to realize without alloy the sweet enjoyment of partaking in the midst of my fellow-citizens the benign influence of good laws under a free government." That a Bonaparte might marry into the family of Washington and thus attain the presidency quivered as the great hope upon the lips of the Emperor; that the presidency might be above the reach of royal families labored the great American. In 1814, says Emerson, France said of Napoleon, "Enough of him;" in 1894, the dawning Americanism of England which first spoke in Burke, Chatham, Brougham, Erskine, flooding now the soul of Gladstone with a sweet daylight, points to noontide, with the hope bound up in the spirit of Washington. Our own Holmes quotes the picture of the French poet, Barbier, making the France of Napoleon "a fiery courser, bestridden by a spurred rider, who drove her in a mad career over heaps of rocks and ruins," while in the

flame of a revolution Lamartine saw no more benefit gift in God's hands for France than a French Washington.

Washington's value to us lies in his Americanism. Napoleon died with the hope that his reign might be considered a dictatorship; Washington, with the hope that an American dictator was rendered impossible. One is the typical autocrat; the other the typical republican. There is a republicanism in duty, for every man it has its privilege and its cares. Napoleon had no duty but his glory, Washington had no glory but his duty. There is a republicanism in every honest, reverent effort to win success. Every man has that inspiration and opportunity. Napoleon's destiny was autocratic; the destiny of Washington is vouchsafed to every man. The genius of Napoleon is solitary and has a monarchy all its own; that of Washington seems only the large perfection of that which every man feels is in him. The influence of one is imperious, dazzling, dictatorial; that of the other genial, inspiring, pervasive. In the forefront of a nation's life, it is of deepest significance that there may stand one who shall invite into largest life the peculiar characteristics of the national spirit. There is the greatness which humiliates, and there is the greatness which inspires. Under the spell of Napoleon's influence there can be no self-government; every man must feel how weak he is. Under the benign influence of Washington, self-respect rises; there can be no tyranny; every man sees his own powers in the large power of his leader. The triumphs of Napoleon would have made that of his successor impossible. There was that in Washington which, though it had been defeated in him, would have been victorious in the next generation. To-day the loftiest with the lowliest, look up to him and cry, "My Father, my Father, the chariots of Israel and the Horsemen thereof."

THE END.

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